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ART. I. *An Account of the Island of Ceylon*, containing its History, Geography, Natural History, with the Manners and Customs of its various Inhabitants; to which is added, the Journal of an Embassy to the Court of Candy. Illustrated by a Map and Charts. By Robert Percival, Esq. of His Majesty's Nineteenth Regiment of Foot. 4to. pp. 420. 1l. 8s. Boards. Baldwins. 1803.

IF the prosperity of the British empire could be safely estimated by extent of foreign territory, we might, as true patriots, congratulate our country-men on the acquisition of Ceylon: but at any rate, as citizens of the world, we would rather see this important island subject to the mild and liberal government of the English, than to the jealous and harsh domination of its late masters. A writer addicted to political abstraction might, indeed, inquire how a war, undertaken for the maintenance of social order and the protection of the United Provinces, could justify our retention of such a valuable possession. Waving, however, all appeal to Grotius and Puffendorf, and to the varying casuistry of state-manifestoes, we shall vindicate Mr. Percival's silence (and our own) respecting the right of occupancy, by observing that an officer *has nothing to do with orders but to obey them*, and that reviewers have nothing to do with a book but to review it.

'During a residence of three years,' says Mr. P., 'I visited almost every part of the sea-coast; and before I left the island, I was become quite familiar with its general appearance, its natural productions, the present state of its cultivation, and the manners and dispositions of its inhabitants. On an embassy being sent to wait upon the native king of the island, I was also among those officers who were appointed to accompany it; and by this means had an opportunity of observing the interior of the country, into which the jealousy of the natives has seldom permitted any European to penetrate.

'The advantages which I derived from personally visiting the greater part of the island, were very much improved by the assistance of Mr. Dormieux, a Dutch gentleman, in the English service, who had resided upwards of twenty years in Ceylon, and had during that period acquired a complete knowledge both of the manners and language of its several inhabitants. By his means, there-

fore, I was enabled to get over many obstacles which presented themselves to my researches; and the valuable communications of several friends have rendered me essential service in completing my accounts of Ceylon. Still, however, I have been careful not to advance any fact of which I was not either an eye-witness, or which was not derived from information which no one could hesitate to believe. The manners and customs of the inhabitants, I have endeavoured to describe in the manner they impressed my mind at the time I observed them. I have followed the same plan in giving an account of the natural productions of the island; and hence my observations may be thought more calculated for the general reader, than the man of science. But I hope the public will make some allowance for the habits of my profession; and if I succeed in affording either amusement or instruction, I trust they will excuse a little deficiency in systematic knowledge.'

Previously to entering on a particular description of the island, the author briefly deduces its history from the accidental landing of Almeyda, in 1505, to the expulsion of the Portuguese by the Dutch, in 1656. In this rapid sketch, he contrasts the romantic prowess, the dark fanaticism, and the improvident policy of the first conquerors, with the undaunted perseverance, the commercial enterprize, and the wary proceedings of their successors. This considerate deportment of the republicans too soon gave way to a system of incroachment and oppression, which involved them in repeated and harassing acts of hostility with the natives; and which, by gradually undermining their influence, rendered them at last an easy prey to British valour.

The extreme length of Ceylon is here stated to be 300 miles, its breadth from 40 to 100, and its circumference 900. The appearance of the eastern coast is bald and rocky; but most of the flat tracts along the sea-shore are bounded by groves of cocoa-trees, while the intervening plains are chiefly laid down in rice; and the prospect usually terminates in ever-green woods, which cover the sides of the hills. The interior consists principally of high and steep mountains, clothed with forests or impervious jungles. The most elevated range, forming a partition of the island, occasions a striking diversity of seasons and climate on its opposite sides. The commencement of the Monsoons is attended by those torrents of rain and violent thunder-storms, which are so prevalent in tropical regions: but the heat on the coast is tempered by the circulation of the sea-breezes, and the absence of those land-winds which so frequently prove oppressive and suffocating on the Continent.

The principal harbours for large ships are *Trincomalee* and *Point de Galle*. At certain seasons of the year, there is also secure

secure mooring-ground in the roads of *Columbo*. There are various smaller ports for the reception of coasting vessels: but the rivers, at whose mouths they are placed, are navigable only to an inconsiderable distance. Besides the rivers which abound in Ceylon, it has many lakes, with intersecting canals. The internal communications by land are of the rudest kind; and even the regular roads along the coasts, though considerably improved by the English, are often steep and rugged, and, in many places, infested with wild hogs, buffalos, and elephants.

The soil is in general sandy, with a very small mixture of clay: but tracts of marshy, rich, and productive ground, chiefly allotted to cinnamon plantations, occur in the south-west parts of the island. With proper management, a sufficient quantity of rice might be raised for the annual consumption.

Mr. Percival observes that, as the British dominions in Ceylon skirt the coasts quite round in a circle, his description of them must follow the same direction; and he therefore sets out from the place at which he first landed, and leads his readers completely round the island in the same course in which he travelled it; endeavouring to communicate to them those impressions and observations which occurred to him at the several places which he visited.

Trincomalee, at which Mr. P. first touched, is described as situated in a mountainous, woody, and rather barren country. Its circumference within the walls measures three miles. The fort is strong, and the harbour at once deep, capacious, and secure.

'This harbour, from its nature and situation, is that which stamps Ceylon one of our most valuable acquisitions in the East Indies As soon as the violent Monsoons commence, every vessel which is caught by them in any other part of the bay of Bengal is obliged immediately to put to sea, to prevent inevitable destruction. At these seasons, Trincomalee and Bombay alone, of all the ports on the different coasts of the peninsula of India, are capable of affording a safe retreat. The incalculable advantages to be derived from such a harbour, are increased by its proximity and easy access to our settlements in the bay of Bengal. A vessel from Madras may arrive here in two days, and can at any time make the harbour. These circumstances point out Trincomalee as an object of particular attention to our government, and of far more consequence to retain, than the whole of the rest of the island.'

A bold shore and large tracts of wood, extending into the interior, meet the eye of the traveller as he advances in a north-west direction to *Malativoe*. The latter is more remarkable for its romantic situation than for its importance as a military post. The neighbourhood abounds in cattle, poultry, and game. 'The manner of procuring these animals is at-

tended with as little expence or difficulty to an European as can well be imagined; for the native peasants are so much at his beck, that he has only to supply them with a little powder and shot, and send them into the woods, and they will be sure to bring him back as much game as he can use, without expecting any return for their services.'

The northern extremity of the island, stretching into an oblong peninsula (called *Jaffnapatam*), and blessed with a profusion of vegetables, fruit, game, poultry, and a very salubrious temperature of climate, yields some cinnamon and pepper, but inferior in quality to those which are cultivated in the south-west districts. *Jaffna*, the chief town of the peninsula, is defended by a small but neat and well-constructed fort, and is peopled by an assemblage of various races, mostly of Moorish extraction. Among the handicraftsmen, those termed the *Portuguese* surpass the rest in the beauty and dexterity of their workmanship. In this populous town and district, are also manufactures of coarse cloths, calicoes, shawls, stockings, &c.

Dependent on Jaffnapatam, are the small islands of *Delft*, *Harlem*, *Leyden*, and *Amsterdam*; which furnish the best pasturage for horses and cattle.

The thickets and heavy sands, which render the road to the south-west of the peninsula very tedious and disagreeable, induce the traveller (when the weather permits) to avail himself of the passage through the narrow strait of *Manaar*, so called from the island of that name which it separates from Ceylon.

'The passage from this island to Ramiseram on the Coromandel coast is not above twelve or fourteen leagues; but the advantages which might be derived from this speedy communication are in a great measure prevented by the numberless shallows and sandbanks which every where interrupt the passage, and are so high as to be many of them completely dry except during the monsoons. There is in particular a line of sandbanks which runs quite across from Manaar to Ramiseram, known by the name of *Adam's bridge*. The name and situation of these banks are connected with a variety of curious traditions among the natives. It is universally believed among them that Ceylon was either the Paradise in which the ancestor of the human race resided, or the spot on which he first touched on being expelled from a Celestial Paradise. Adam's bridge is with them, the way by which he passed over to the continent; and some imagine that the Gulph of Manaar, like the Red Sea in scriptural history, closed after him to prevent his return. The opinion, however, is almost universally received, that Ceylon at a distant period formed a part of the continent, and was afterwards separated from it by some great convulsion of nature. This account, though merely an unsupported tradition, is not altogether improbable; for when we consider the narrowness of the intervening space, and the numberless shallows with which it abounds, it cannot be denied that some violent earthquake,

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or still more likely some extraordinary eruption of the ocean, might have placed Ceylon at its present distance from the continent.'

In his progress along the coast from Manaar, Mr. P. observes that the country is barren and sandy, and that the woods are infested with wild beasts. The village of *Arippo* is the only spot in this dreary tract, on which good water can be procured.

Six miles farther lies the bay of *Condatchy*, the rendezvous of the pearl-fishers. The account of their singular occupations is minute and curious: but we can select only the following particulars:

'During the season, all the boats regularly sail and return together. A signal gun is fired at Arippo, about ten o'clock at night, when the whole fleet sets sail with the land breeze. They reach the banks before day-break; and at sun-rise commence fishing. In this they continue busily occupied till the sea-breeze, which arises about noon, warns them to return to the bay. As soon as they appear within sight, another gun is fired, and the colours hoisted, to inform the anxious owners of their return. When the boats come to land, their cargoes are immediately taken out, as it is necessary to have them completely unloaded before night. Whatever may have been the success of their boats, the owners seldom wear the looks of disappointment; for, although they may have been unsuccessful one day, they look with the most complete assurance of better fortune to the next; as the Brahmins and conjurers, whom they implicitly trust in defiance of all experience, understand too well the liberality of a man in hopes of good fortune, not to promise them all they can desire.

'Each of the boats carries twenty men, with a *Tindal* or chief boatman, who acts as pilot. Ten of the men row and assist the divers in re-ascending. The other ten are divers; they go down into the sea by five at a time; when the first five come up, the other five go down; and by this method of alternately diving, they give each other time to recruit themselves for a fresh plunge.

'In order to accelerate the descent of the divers, large stones are employed: five of these are brought in each boat for the purpose; they are of a reddish granite, common in this country, and of a pyramidal shape, round at top and bottom, with a hole perforated through the smaller end, sufficient to admit a rope. Some of the divers use a stone shaped like a half-moon, which they fasten round the belly when they mean to descend, and thus keep their feet free.

'These people are accustomed to dive from their very infancy, and fearlessly descend to the bottom in from four to ten fathoms water, in search of the oysters. The diver, when he is about to plunge, seizes the rope, to which one of the stones we have described is attached, with the toes of his right foot, while he takes hold of a bag of network with those of his left; it being customary among all the Indians to use their toes in working or holding, as well as their fingers, and such is the power of habit that they can pick up even the smallest thing from the ground with their toes as nimbly as an European could

with his fingers. The diver thus prepared, seizes another rope with his right hand, and holding his nostrils shut with the left, plunges into the water, and by the assistance of the stone speedily reaches the bottom. He then hangs the net round his neck, and with much dexterity, and all possible dispatch, collects as many oysters as he can while he is able to remain under water, which is usually about two minutes. He then resumes his former position, makes a signal to those above by pulling the rope in his right hand, and is immediately by this means drawn up and brought into the boat, leaving the stone to be pulled up afterwards by the rope attached to it.

'The exertion undergone during this process is so violent, that upon being brought into the boat, the divers discharge water from their mouth, ears, and nostrils, and frequently even blood But this does not hinder them from going down again in their turn. They will often make from forty to fifty plunges in one day; and at each plunge bring up about a hundred oysters. Some rub their bodies over with oil, and stuff their ears and noses, to prevent the water from entering; while others use no precautions whatever. Although the usual time of remaining under water does not much exceed two minutes, yet there are instances known of divers who could remain four and even five minutes, which was the case with a Caffree boy the last year I visited the fishery. The longest instance ever known was that of a diver who came from Anjango in 1797, and who absolutely remained under water full six minutes.

'This business of a diver, which appears so extraordinary and full of danger to an European, becomes quite familiar to an Indian, owing to the natural suppleness of his limbs, and his habits from his infancy. His chief terror and risque arise from falling in with the groundshark while at the bottom. This animal is a common and terrible inhabitant of all the seas in these latitudes, and is a source of perpetual uneasiness to the adventurous Indian. Some of the divers, however, are so skilful as to avoid the shark even when they remain under water for a considerable time. But the terrors of this foe are so continually before their eyes, and the uncertainty of escaping him so great, that these superstitious people seek for safety in supernatural means. Before they begin diving, the priest, or conjurer, is always consulted, and whatever he says to them is received with the most implicit confidence. The preparation which he enjoins them consists of certain ceremonies according to the cast and sect to which they belong, and on the exact performance of these they lay the greatest stress. Their belief in the efficacy of these superstitious rites can never be removed, however different the event may be from the predictions of their deluders: Government therefore wisely gives way to their prejudices, and always keeps in pay some conjurers, to attend the divers and remove their fears. For though these people are so skilful and so much masters of their art, yet they will not on any account descend till the conjurer has performed his ceremonies His advices are religiously observed, and generally have a tendency to preserve the health of the devotee. The diver is usually enjoined to abstain from eating before he goes to plunge, and to bathe himself in fresh water immediately after his return from the labours of the day.

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'The conjurers are known in the Malabar language by the name of *Pillal Karras*, or *binders of sharks*. During the time of the fishery, they stand on the shore from the morning till the boats return in the afternoon, all the while muttering and mumbling prayers, distorting their bodies into various strange attitudes, and performing ceremonies to which no one, not even themselves I believe, can attach any meaning. All this while it is necessary for them to abstain from food or drink, otherwise their prayers would be of no avail. These acts of abstinence, however, they sometimes dispense with; and regale themselves with *toddy*, a species of liquor distilled from the palm-tree, till they are no longer able to stand at their devotions.'—

'Before we leave the bay of Condatchy, it may be amusing to take a view of the various objects which most attract the attention of a stranger during the pearl-fishery. The remarkable display of Indian manners, which are here seen in all their varieties, is, perhaps, the most striking of these. Every cast has its representatives; the arts practised by some, the ceremonies performed by others, and the appearance of all, present the richest repast to the curiosity of an European. In one place he may see jugglers and vagabonds of every description practising their tricks with a degree of suppleness and skill, which appear supernatural to the inhabitant of a cold climate; in another he may observe Fakeers, Brahmins, Priests, Pandarams, and devotees of every sect, either in order to extort charity, or in consequence of some vow, going through the most painful operations with a degree of obstinate resolution, which I could scarcely have believed or even conceived, had I not been an eye-witness. I hope it will not be thought an improper digression from my narrative, if I mention a few of those circumstances which most attracted my notice: they are not particularly connected with a description of Ceylon, but they will certainly afford one source of amusement to the traveller who visits it.

'The most painful acts of penance which the Indians undergo, are in order to regain their cast, when they have lost it either by eating things forbidden by the rules of their sect, or by having such connection with people of a different description as is supposed to defile them. In this state they are held in abhorrence by persons of their own sect, debarred from all intercourse with them, and prohibited even to touch them. From such a dreadful state of defilement they can be purified only by paying a large sum of money, or by undergoing the most incredible penances. Among those which I observed, I shall mention a few of the most remarkable. One of them will vow to hold his arm elevated over his head for a certain number of years, without once letting it down; and this he will actually continue to do, till the arm can never afterwards be recovered to its natural position. Another will keep his hand shut till the nails on his fingers absolutely grow into the flesh, and appear quite through at the back of his hand. Many never suffer their hair to be combed, or their beards to be shaved: in this state the hair of their heads, which is of a brown or burnt colour, gets matted, and appears not unlike the mops we use in Europe; or hangs down in long dishevelled strings, similar to that which grows on a species of French lap-

dogs. Some will vow never to lie down; while, at the same time they wear round their necks a large iron instrument not unlike a grid-iron without a handle.

'But one of the most extraordinary of these ceremonies which I have witnessed is, swinging for their cast, as it is termed. A very high and strong post, or cocoa-tree, is planted firmly in the ground, crossways; on its top, another beam is placed in such a manner as to turn round on a pivot, and made fast to the upright post by ropes reeved through both, like the yards to the mast of a ship; and from the end of the transverse beam, ropes and pullies are suspended to hoist up the devotee. He then is brought out, attended by a number of people dancing before him; and is led thrice round the swinging post by the Brahmins and his relations, with loud shouts, accompanied by music. In the mean time a sheep is sacrificed, and the blood sprinkled about on the surrounding multitude, who are eager that it shall fall upon them. Barren women, in particular, are anxious to catch the drops in hopes of being by this means rendered fruitful; and, with a view to secure the efficacy of this charm, they contrive to work themselves up, during the ceremony, to the highest pitch of religious delirium, tearing their hair and shrieking in the most dreadful manner. After the sacrifice is performed, the devotee is placed on his belly flat on the ground; and two very large hooks, which have been previously fixed to the ropes suspended from the end of the crossbeam, are inserted deep into the flesh of his back just under the shoulders: other ropes are also placed under his breast and across his thighs, to help to sustain the weight of his body. He is then, by means of the ropes and pullies, hoisted up to the cross tree immediately under which he continues suspended; and in this position he is drawn round the post two or three times. During this painful ceremony he repeats a certain number of prayers, and continues to throw among the crowd flowers which he had taken up with him for the purpose: these are considered as sacred relicks, which will keep away all disease, and ensure happiness ever after; and the surrounding multitude scramble for them as eagerly as an English mob for money thrown among them.

'This ceremony is by no means unfrequent, and I have had occasion to be present at more than one, during my stay in Ceylon. The last I saw performed was at Columbo in 1799, when the cross beam broke, and the man falling to the ground was killed on the spot. A moor of the Moply cast had previously observed to the crowd, who were principally Malabars of the same sect with the devotee, that the timber was not strong enough to bear the man, and would certainly break. This proving actually to be the case, the Malabars affirmed that the Moor had by his prediction bewitched it; and in revenge they attacked him with such fury, that he would certainly have been killed, had not I with a few other European officers and Sepoys, whom curiosity had brought to the spot, interfered and rescued him out of their hands.

'The priests who attend at Condatchy on account of these and other ceremonies, as well as many other sects of religious mendicants, are a great nuisance there; for, besides being exceedingly lazy and idle,

idle, they are likewise very impudent and troublesome. But they are not the only pests which annoy the multitudes collected at the pearl-fishery. There are besides a crowd of jugglers, snake-catchers, dancing boys, and girls of all descriptions, as well as many who follow no other occupation but to procure their livelihood by the arts of filching and thieving, at which they are exceedingly dexterous. This practice, however, is the more pardonable in them, as it appears to be an inherent propensity in an Indian. In their dealings with an European, whenever an opportunity presents itself, they never fail to employ their skill in over-reaching him. It is only however by pilfering and stealing that he suffers from them, for they hardly ever venture to rob or take his goods from him by open force. So great, indeed, is the awe which the atchievements of the Europeans have inspired into the natives of India, that a black man is scarcely ever known to meet a white man hand to hand, either in private conflict or in battle.'

In proceeding southward, the traveller contemplates little else than sand, jungles, and wild beasts, till he arrives at *Nigumbo;* the largest village on the island, and situated in a country of uncommon fertility and verdure. It is a *depôt* for such articles of exportation as the neighbourhood produces, and is likewise a considerable fishing station.—Hence to *Columbo,* the road is pleasantly shaded, and provided with numerous and comfortable resting-places.

Columbo, the capital of the island, and one of the most populous towns in India, is large, regularly built, and strongly fortified. Its open road affords safe anchorage only from December to April.

'For six months of the stormy season, the side of the island is subject to astonishingly heavy falls of rain, accompanied with dreadful thunder and lightning, and violent winds blowing in shore. In the beginning of May 1799, a thunder-storm broke on the fort of Columbo; and several houses, particularly on the south side, were struck and damaged. About half a mile from the fort a number of goats and oxen were at pasture, under the care of a boy; when he and two and thirty of the cattle were struck dead on the spot by one flash of lightning. A woman, in the black town, was also at the same time killed, and a child much hurt. For the space of an hour this storm continued, with the greatest fury I ever remember to have seen. Nor did the electric matter in the air seem at all exhausted by this explosion; as, a few nights after, there was another storm almost equally severe: but, although the hospital and several private houses were struck by the lightning, providentially no lives were lost.

'During the rainy season, the Indians from the Continent are extremely subject to fluxes, dysenteries, and fevers. They are also afflicted by another extraordinary disease, to which they apply as uncommon a cure. This disorder is known by the name of the *Berry-berry:* it is occasioned by the low diet and bad water, which the natives are accustomed to use; and, in part, perhaps, by the dampness

ness of the climate in the wet season. It swells the body and legs of the patient to an enormous size, and generally carries him off in twenty-four hours. The method employed for the cure is, to rub the patient over with cow-dung, oil, chinom, lime-juice, and other preparations from herbs; and then bury him up to the chin in hot sand. When the legs only are attacked, although the disorder be the same, its name differs: a patient is then said to have got *elephant legs*, from the resemblance *their* legs bear at that time to those of these animals. They are also called *Cochin legs*, from the disease being very prevalent among the natives of the place of that name on the Malabar coast, owing to the unwholesome brackish water which is drunk there.'

The boats, or canoes, used in the fisheries at Columbo, particularly attracted the author's notice:

'They are of a curious shape and construction used only in Ceylon, and extremely well calculated for the purpose they are put to. In length they are about fifteen feet, and not more than two in breadth. This shape is calculated to make them go incredibly fast, especially with the addition of a very large square sail, which one would imagine them incapable of carrying without capsizing. To prevent this, an ingenious, and to an European, a very extraordinary contrivance is employed. A log of wood is extended five or six feet from the end of the boat, by way of out rigger. It is larger or smaller according to the size of the boat, and is shaped at each end like the prow of a canoe, to cut through the water. This log is fastened to the boat by two long and bent poles; and seems to serve at once for helm and ballast. Strange as this contrivance may appear, it is indispensably necessary; as from their extreme narrowness, the boats would without it be upset by a person simply stepping into them. They have one mast, to which the square sail is attached in such a manner, that the boat is capable of sailing either way; and can be made instantly to move in an opposite direction without turning or tacking, but merely by swinging the sail of the yard round. A paddle, something in the form of a shovel, is used to guide the boat's head.

'The body of the canoe is a large tree hollowed out by fire, or scooped out by the carpenters. Along the sides of it, boards are nailed to the height of about two feet, in the form of a gunwale, to prevent the water getting in by raising the boat more above its surface. When it is necessary to carry large burdens inland by the canals and rivers, two or three of these canoes are lashed together without the outriggers. Split canes, bamboes, or betel-tree, are then laid across them, so as to form a kind of raft; which, though ever so much loaded, will draw but very little water.'

'The inhabitants of Columbo form a striking medley of nations, manners, and religious persuasions. The language most generally spoken, and even by the Dutch ladies, notwithstanding that it is reputed vulgar, is the Portuguese of India; which 'may be considered as a barbarous compound of a number of

Indian

Indian languages, combined with several European, among which the French is very distinguishable.'

Cinnamon, pepper, arrack, coya-rope, betel-leaf, cocoa-nuts, bees' wax, honey, ivory, &c. are the principal articles of exportation from Columbo. The imports consist chiefly of rice, tea, sugar, cotton cloths of various descriptions, stockings, china wares, tin, copper, toys, &c. As provisions and several articles of luxury are imported from Bengal and Madras, living is proportionably high: but the common idea, that Ceylon is the most unhealthy part of India, is disproved by every day's experience.

From Columbo to *Caltura*, a distance of at least twenty-eight miles, the road is mostly shaded by groves of cinnamon or co oa trees, and the adjacent country has the appearance of a boundless garden. Caltura, its fort, and environs, are also represented as forming a delightful landscape. The neighbouring country is the frequent resort of shooting parties, and the theatre on which are displayed much dexterity and prowess in hunting the wild hog and deer.

Six miles from Caltura, lies *Barbareen*, a petty sea-port, with a manufacture of coya cordage. *Point de Galle*, the third town in the island, is situated about 60 miles south from Columbo, in 6° N. lat. It is a populous and trading place, with a strongly fortified and roomy harbour. Fisheries are here carried on to a very considerable extent.

Matura, a small fort and village, occurs 30 miles onward, in a country *exceedingly wild, but well supplied with provisions of all sorts.* 'Every three or four years the elephant is hunted here, by order of government. In 1797, at one of these hunts, a hundred and seventy-six were caught, the greatest number ever remembered to have been taken at one time.'

From the most southerly point of the island to *Batacolo*, we have a dreary tract of sixty miles, infested by wild beasts and the savage Bedahs, who wander in the woods. Batacolo is a place of comparatively small importance: but the surrounding country, and the bold grotesque rocks which skirt its shores, have deservedly attracted particular attention.

Having thus made the tour of the island, Mr. P. next favours us with many highly interesting observations on the characters and manners of the several races of its present inhabitants. At Columbo in particular, he says, the natives of every country in India appear to have their representatives: but, as the manners and customs of these tribes fall more properly under the description of their several native countries, he conceives it to be only necessary, in this work, to describe those which are stationary in Ceylon, and which form a considerable

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proportion of its population. Besides the native Ceylonese who live under the dominion of the Europeans, and are distinguished by the name of the Cinglese, the coasts are chiefly inhabited by Dutch, Portuguese, and Malays.

The Dutch of Ceylon are represented as differing much, in their habits and modes of life, from those who have never quitted their native country. Yet, in almost every particular, (except a disinclination to labour, induced, perhaps, by the relaxing influence of the climate,) we recognize the features of the national character. The most prominent traits here enumerated are, a love of gin, tobacco, and heavy meats; a neglect of personal cleanliness; a coldness and apathy of temper; and a repulsive boorishness contracted from a contempt of female society. Their furniture is so heavy and clumsy, that it excites the ridicule of those who are accustomed to more recent modes:

'The present Portuguese of Ceylon are a mixture of the spurious descendants of the several European possessors of that island by native women, joined to a number of Moors and Malabars. A colour more approaching to black than white, with a particular mode of dress, half Indian, and half European, is all that is necessary to procure the appellation of a Portuguese.

'These people are found in all the European settlements in India, particularly those belonging to the Dutch, who often form intermarriages with them. It is in particular very common in Ceylon to see a respectable and wealthy Dutchman married to a Portuguese woman of this description; a connection which our countrymen look upon with the greatest abhorrence, and would not enter into on any account. The Dutchmen alledge that the cause of these intermarriages being so prevalent, is, that scarcely any woman leaves Holland to come to India, except those who are already married.

'The manners of the Portuguese differ from those of the Moors, Malabars, and other Mahometans. They affect rather to adopt those of the Europeans; and wear hats instead of the turbans, and breeches in place of the pieces of cloth, which other Indians wear wrapped round their waists, and drawn together between their legs like loose trowsers. At present it is customary for any black fellow who can procure a hat, and shoes, with a vest and breeches, and who has acquired some little smattering of the catholic religion, to aspire to the title of a Portuguese, a distinction of which he is extremely proud.

'Although the black Portuguese universally profess the Christian religion, and are commonly Roman Catholics, yet they retain many Pagan customs, and their religion may be considered as a compound of both. They affect to derive their religion as well as their descent from the European Portuguese, though the name be almost the only thing they retain of either. The Dutch have allowed priests and other missionaries to go among them; and there are many of them who profess the Protestant religion and go to the churches of the Dutch. In general they are somewhat fairer than the Moors and Malabars;

Malabars; but those who are so to any considerable degree, may be looked upon as the offspring of the Dutch in later times; for the blood of the European Portuguese has been so intermixed as to leave scarce a trace behind. Complexions of all sorts are indeed found among this mongrel race, from a jetty black to a sickly yellow, or tawny hue. Their hair, which is black or dark brown, is worn long, and usually tied, contrary to the custom of the Mahometans. Some of their women are pretty, and much admired for their figures. The men are about the middle size, slender, lank and ill-made, so as easily to be distinguished. Their whole expence runs upon dress; they are fond to excess of shew and finery, and never stir out without putting on their best clothes. They are lazy, treacherous, effeminate, and passionate to excess; and retain so much of the character of their boasted progenitors, as to be distinguished for a ridiculous pride. Like the Portuguese of Europe, they have always a long string of sounding names, beginning with Don Juan, Don Fernando, &c.

'They have no regular cast, and are usually esteemed the worst race of people in India. Originally a spurious and outcast brood, they retain only the blemishes which tarnished the characters of their ancestors; and they combine all the vices of the Europeans and Indians, without any of their virtues.

'It was from these black Portuguese, that the troops known by the name of *Topasses* were taken. They were called *Topasses* from wearing hats, instead of turbans; the word *topee*, or *chaupee*, which appears to be a corruption of the French *chapeau*, being the term used in their language for a hat. They were never acounted good soldiers, being neither so hardy nor so brave as the Sepoys; and were seldom employed in the English service. The French, however, very generally had corps of them at Pondicherry, and their other settlements.'

The Malay race, characterized by its ferocity, is widely diffused over the eastern parts of India. In dress, colour, person, and in civil and religious institutions, the Malays differ from the other people of Asia; and even intermarriages with Moors and other casts never wholly obliterate the traces of their physiognomy, and the peculiarities of their manners. They are of a middling stature; remarkably well proportioned; of a light brown or yellow colour; with a broad flat forehead; small, black, and very deeply sunken eyes; and a flattish nose, with a curve at the extremity approaching the lip. Their long and coarse black hair is always smeared with oil of the cocoa-nut. They go naked till twelve years of age, and are soon afterward married. They are fond of barbarous parade, of gaming and cockfighting, and betray, by their hideous countenances, dispositions at once treacherous and sanguinary. Yet these wretches, who intoxicate themselves with *bang* or opium, in order that they may *run-a-muck* * with more desperate fury,

* The natives in these cases run wildly about the streets, crying out *Amok, Amok*, or *kill, kill;* whence the above corrupt expression of the Europeans.

delight in gardening from their infancy, and pretend to skill in medical botany:

'The government, under which the Malays live in their own country, in some degree resembles the ancient feudal institutions of Europe; and war is consequently the business of the nation. The manners and disposition which naturally proceed from these institutions are found among them. They are all bold, warlike, and prepared for the most desperate enterprizes; they hear the commands of their superiors with the most profound reverence, and yield implicit obedience to their most rigorous orders. But the fierce temper arising from these military institutions, which in Europe has been softened by the Christian religion, has rather been exasperated by the religion which the Malays have embraced. None of that romantic spirit of chivalry, which produced the courtesy of civilized society amidst the ferocity of perpetual bloodshed, is to be found among the Malay followers of a prophet, who was as fierce and warlike as themselves. Accustomed to depend upon their courage, and avenge their own cause, there is more independence of spirit, and more appearance of a lofty intrepidity found among them, than among any other of the servile tribes of the east. Brave, ferocious, and desperate to the last degree on any occasion that requires blood to be shed; cruel and revengeful in their wrath, beyond what human nature can almost be thought capable of, they are looked upon with horror by the effeminate and timid Indians. I have often had occasion to observe these sentiments in the natives of Ceylon, who start affrighted on accidentally meeting a Malay soldier.'

The Ceylonese (who, with the exception of the Bedahs, were the only race of inhabitants, when the island was conquered by the Portuguese) are distinguished as *Cinglese*, who have associated with the Europeans, and *Candians*, who, subject to their own sovereign, occupy the inland mountains.

Notwithstanding the proximity of Ceylon to the Continent of India, from which it seems to have been disjoined by some convulsion of nature, Mr. P. is inclined, from various appearances, to ascribe a Maldine origin to the native islanders. The latter are of a middling stature, neither so strong nor so well made as the Moors or Malabars of the Continent: but their complexion is fairer, and that of the women approaches to yellow or mulatto colour. These people are remarkable for their love of cleanliness, their moderation and delicacy in eating, their strict observance of a distinction of ranks, their punctilious courtesy, habitual gravity, and disregard of chastity. 'They are cautious not even to touch the vessel out of which they drink with their lips: but (what would seem a very awkward method to an European) they hold the vessel at some distance over their heads, and literally pour the drink down their throats.' In their dispositions, they are naturally mild: but, when once provoked, they set no bounds to their revenge,

and

and will sometimes sacrifice their own lives in order to involve those of their adversaries. Among the various diseases to which they are subject, the most loathsome and formidable are the leprosy and the small pox. The latter they regard with a rooted horror, inspired by sentiments of the most barbarous superstition.

Few of the Ceylonese can read or write. The *Gonies*, a learned sect, are employed by the king of Candy to execute all writings of a public nature, and in the Arabic character. Slips of the talipot leaf, strung in the form of a file, usually supply the want of paper.

[*To be continued.*]

Muir.

ART. II. *The Lyricks of Horace;* comprizing his Odes, Epodes, and Secular Ode; in English Verse: with the Latin Text revised, and subjoined. 2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 15 s. Boards. White. 1803.

THE difficulty of conveying an adequate idea of the beauties of Horace, to English readers, has always been felt and lamented. The good sense and delicate satire of his didactic pieces have sometimes been happily transfused into our language, but the bewitching colours of his lyric poems have eluded every attempt of this nature. Fruitlessly do we seek, amid his various translators, for his fine vein of raillery, so happily mingled in the original with the richest and noblest materials of poetry; for those sprightly transitions, which fill the reader with equal surprize and delight, but which appear abrupt in every version; and for that courtly grace, which throws an unspeakable charm over the compositions of this wonderful poet.

In the attempt now before us, it has been the aim of the writer to give a poetical translation of Horace as nearly literal, and as closely resembling the versification of the original, as the genius of the languages will admit. His design is thus announced in the preface:

'The intention of the present work, is to give such a Translation of the Odes of Horace, as may preclude the necessity of Notes: putting the Latin, and the English reader, as it were, upon the same footing; and leaving them, on the supposition that they are equally instructed, to form their own comments. The difficulty of such an attempt will be readily admitted; as, to this end, the Translation ought not only to be faithful, but poetical; each English Ode breathing the same spirit as the original Latin.

'In the Odes of Horace, nineteen different kinds of metre occur. The translator has, in the course of this version, given one Ode of each kind, in blank verse, of the same measure with the Latin, as

nearly as the English language would allow. The first attempt so to translate any Ode of Horace was made by our great poet Milton.'

We have long wished to see a translation of Horace, in measures different from those which have been generally employed; and we are therefore glad to meet with the present work, though its execution is not equal to our expectations. The plan obviously requires an uncommon command of language, and facility of versifying; and in these requisites, we think, the present translator is materially deficient. His inversions are frequently harsh, and scarcely English, and the mechanical structure of the lines is often faulty.

As a first specimen, we give the version of the celebrated ode to Pyrrha;

'PYRRHA, say what fine-form'd boy
Urges thee to am'rous joy,
All on roses sweetly laid,
In some grotto's pleasant shade,
Who with perfumes that so shed
Liquid fragrance is o'erspread?
Say for whom, thus plain and neat,
Thou thy sunny hair dost plait?

'Ah, how often shall he wail
Gods that change, and faith that's frail;
Wail, when he, unpractis'd, finds
The seas roughen with dark winds!
Lapt in golden pleasures, who,
Credulous, enjoys thee now;
Hopes thou'lt ever, ever prove
Beauteous, vacant to his love;
While he little seems to know
What deceitful gale may blow?

'Wretched they, whom charms so bright
Unexperienc'd shall delight!
As for me, this wall declares,
Which my votive tablet bears,
That my drench'd weeds hang on high
To the sea's great Deity.'

In the first line, *slender* would have come nearer to Horace than *fine-formed*, an aukward compound; and the 5th and 6th lines are ill-connected by the relative. The *Heu! quoties fidem*, is very lamely turned; and the want of the article to *Gods* and *faith* gives great stiffness to the line. In line 20th, the adjective *unexperienc'd* is totally disjoined from its substantive;—and '*as for me*,' is a botch.—In this short ode, we meet also with the following bad rhimes; *neat* and *plait*; *who* and *how*; *prove* and *love*;—and the twelfth line,

'The sea roughen with dark winds,'

is not verse.

It

It may be said, however, that an adequate translation of the exquisite ode just quoted is unattainable; and we shall therefore turn to a less difficult subject, the ode to Thaliarchus:

'Behold where stands Soracte's height,
With rising heaps of snow grown white!
Behold the lab'ring woods;
Whose lofty branches can of late
Hardly sustain their icy weight!
And sharp frost binds the floods.

'Then largely bring thy faggots forth;
High pile them on the blazing hearth,
The winter's cold to thaw;
And from thy Sabine two-ear'd jars
The wine four summers which declares,
Kind Thaliarchus, draw!

'Be other cares to heav'n consign'd,
Heav'n that can still the warring wind
Scourging the foamy sea!
Then not the aged wild ash moves
Its boughs, nor do the cypress groves
A trembling leaf display.

'What hap shall from to-morrow spring
Ask not: the days which fate may bring
As so much profit prize:
Thy minutes scorn not, happy boy,
In dance and sweet love to employ,
While stern hoar-age youth flies.

'Now to the Martial Field oft bend
Thy steps, now public walks attend;
Or, at th' approach of night,
Freely indulge the whisper soft
When love appoints the hour, and oft
Repeat such dear delight.

'Now let the nymph's sweet laugh reveal
What secret corner may conceal
The frolic fugitive;
Some love-pledge from her arm convey,
Or from her finger snatch away,
Struggling for what 'twill give.'

This version possesses similar faults with the former. Line 11 is obscure, and the 12th is ridiculous. What is Thaliarchus to draw? A waggon, or an inference, or a winter-piece?—The rhymes are equally blameable: we have here *forth* and *hearth*, *sea* and *display*, *moves* and *groves*. The concluding line is harsh and unpoetical, and scarcely to be understood, even on referring to the original. In the next ode, we meet with a miserable stanza:

'Apollo, threat'ning thee a boy,
Unless the oxen were restor'd
Thy cunning stole, did laugh enjoy,
Stript of his quiver's hoard.'

Et sic in infinitum: we find no improvement as we proceed in the volumes: but, in glancing over the subsequent pages, we observe the same succession of incorrect rhymes and harsh expressions. In the twelfth ode, the line

"*Crescit, occulto velut arbor ævo,*"

is translated,

'As unperceiv'd the tree will foliage bear;
So spreads abroad Marcellus' fame'—

which turns Horace's fine idea to nonsense; for how can a tree be in leaf invisibly? The next line spoils every sort of resemblance in the simile:—the fame of Marcellus *spreads abroad*, as the foliage of the tree grows *unperceived*. Horace does not refer to the production of foliage. He beautifully compares the slow progress of reputation, derived from private virtues, to the gentle growth of the 'monarch of the wood.'—In this very stanza, *fame* is made to rhyme to *beam:* an Irish rhyme, surely!

We shall now give a specimen of one of the author's Horatian measures:

'ODE XIV. TO A VESSEL, PERHAPS IMPLYING THE COMMONWEALTH.

'O Ship, shall fresh waves bear thee back to sea!
O, what art thou about? Firmly remain
In port. Dost thou not see
Thy side stript of each oar,

'And thy mast shiver'd by the furious South?
Thy sail-yards shriek too, and without its cords
Thy keel can scarce endure
Surge most impetuous:

'Nor is thy canvas whole; nor hast thou Gods,
Whom, prest by need, thou may'st again invoke.
Although the Pontic pine,
Proud daughter of the wood,

'Thou boastest, and thy race, and fruitless fame;
To painted sterns no timid sailor trusts.
Do thou, lest doom'd to be
The sport of winds, take heed.

'Thou, who wert late my wearisome disquiet,
Now my regard, and not my meanest care,
Avoid the seas which gird
The brilliant Cyclades.'

We

We must here repeat the translator's own words: "O, what art thou about?"

In the ode to Glycera, the *grata protervitas* is rendered '*her petulance;*' and Mæcenas, in the xxth, is called, 'thou first of all knights;' and, in the xxivth, *justitiæ soror, fides*, is turned into '*sister justice.*'—But we are tired of multiplying notices of this kind.—In one word, nothing can be more unlike Horace than this version, excepting Sternhold and Hopkins. Yet we have said that we are glad to see this translation; the author of which has brought into action a happy idea, though he has not been able to execute it with skill. The best method of translating Horace, as we long ago suggested, is to make the versions of his Odes, *Songs*, as the originals undoubtedly were. We have a sufficient variety of airs, to express the different subjects of them; and it would be easier for a person accustomed to versification to adapt words to popular airs, than to imitate the Latin rhythm; which will always sound uncouthly, when used in our language, even to learned ears.

We conceive, also, and on this ground we must rest the vindication of the present writer, that a sufferable translation of Horace, on the plan which we propose, is above the strength of any individual. The variety of subjects treated by the Latin Poet, the knowlege of life, and the tone of the *best company* preserved throughout almost all his works, demand an assemblage of qualifications, with the possession of which no single writer can now flatter himself. Let us be grateful, then, to the author before us, for having broken the former trammels of versification: but let us acknowlege, at the same time, that Horace remains still untranslated.

Fer.

Art. III. *The Tourifications of Malachi Meldrum*, Esq. of Meldrum-Hall. By Dr. Robert Couper. 2 Vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d. Boards. Johnson. 1803.

There are critics by intuition, who glance at a title-page, and pronounce sentence with the same ease and *precision* which are displayed by the meteorologists of Belfast and Aberdeen in predicting the state of the weather for every day in the year. This summary process could never satisfy our conscience, because, unfortunately, we are not gifted with the *second sight*. Had we not gone beyond the fantastical title of this pair of pocket volumes, we might have said merely that they squirted a little farcical satire on modern travellers: but a perusal of their contents has enabled us to declare that we have found nothing low nor malignant, that the author never laughs nor frowns without a cause, that his playful and attic humour

sometimes reminds us of Addison, and that a happy union of talent and liberal sentiment pervades the whole. If we have occasionally remarked abrupt transitions, they are seldom unnatural; and the plan of alternate portions of prose and verse is managed with considerable delicacy and ease. Starch criticism may, perhaps, proscribe the *seria mixta jocis*, as trenching on the essential law of unity of design: but real life constantly exhibits a compound scene; and the *weeping comedy*, if ably conducted, never fails to command the smiles and the tears of the unprejudiced audience.

The preliminary address to the Highland Society of Scotland is penned in the language of the Caledonian muse, and, among some truly poetical stanzas, contains this beautiful allusion:

'Sae the rare bird that soars sae high,
Years check him on the western sky,
And chill his heart, nae mair to try
His daring flight;
He cowrs his wing, and steeks * his eye,
In deadly night.

'Life's ember suffers unco' † throes,
What will *ye*, wierdy ‡ time, disclose?
Wi' pale blue light it bursts and glows;
A flitting gleam;
A wizzard form right rapid grows
On the faint beam.

'Frae the red aisles || sudden springs
The bird renew'd; young life he brings;
And, poising on his garish wings
Baith braid and lang,
Strong up to heav'n he cheery sings
His gratefu' sang.'

It may, indeed, be alleged that His Majesty, Mr. Addington, and other distinguished personages, have their share of eulogy: but we should remember that the language of gratitude is naturally overflowing, and that Pope could hardly compose even an epitaph without wandering from his subject. If we were inclined to hypercriticism, we might object to the phrase 'a weel claw'd paw whists the harangue,' as devoid of distinct meaning: though this remark may, perhaps, proceed from our want of intimate acquaintance with the Scottish dialect. We understand, by the help of the glossary, that a *weel claw'd paw* is equivalent to a *well scratched hand*, (alluding, very probably, to the *Scotch fiddle*,) but the idea of a *well scratched hand whisting an harangue* is not level to our comprehension,—Again, in the 8th stanza, Mr. Addington's '*troubled* sail is kept *full* with

* Closes. † Dreadful. ‡ Eventful. || Ashes.

honour;'

honour;'—and our premier is advised to be cautious, as 'an honest footstep may fail on such *ground*.'

Mr. Meldrum, the supposed squire and hero of these *tourifications*, having duly pondered on his age and the circumstances of his family, very prudently resolved to limit his range of observation to his own country; and he sallied forth, with his man, Sadrach, in quest of as much knowledge as would fill a book. The recital of a few alarming mishaps, which befel both on the morning of their outset, is followed by some very pretty verses to a *winter morning*. The journey, it is true, took place in summer: but contrast suggested the lay.

Having arrived at the nearest market-town, Mr. M. alighted at the Saracen's-Head Inn, with all the airs of a consequential traveller; and, though he had been in this same town almost every week of his life, and had been 'again and again in almost every hole and bore of it; yet, in a scientific point of view, he found that he knew nothing at all about it.' This, then, was a busy day of observation and incident, and, as we afterward learn, formed the whole duration of the journey.—Referring to the work itself for the regular *chain of events*, and for all the subordinate details, we shall indulge our readers with a few notices and extracts.

Various subjects having excited various reflections, the narrative thus proceeds:

'After this humiliating view of the capacities and incapacities of mankind, I cared not to be philosophizing it any longer; so I pulled off my hat and wig, and took out my handkerchief—the verses about winter came out along with it—so to get quit of every thing that had *bore* so hard upon me, I set a thrumming them over, and with my pencil gave them the last touch they shall ever get from me. The contrast they continued to make with the present scene, which in other views had delighted and disconcerted me so much, brought my mind nearer a balance. So duly replacing my hat and wig, but keeping sight of my white handkerchief, for oratorial purposes, I read to the echoing streams—mighty pastoral in a summer's day—as follows.'

Though, for the present, we must e'en abandon the *winter-noon* and *winter-evening* to the echoing streams, we shall be excused for retaining a brace of stanzas, on account of their simplicity and pathos:

'Awa, awa, *thou* winter drear!
Fast speed *ye* to the west;
And send the gentle, genial spring,
In gowd and purple drest.

'Awa, awa, thou winter grim!
Let me the morning see,

Then on the gowan's * bonny tap,
My lassie trips wi' me.'

The statesman may borrow some useful hints from the dialogue between our traveller and the antique weaver; and every lover of innocent frolic will welcome the rencontre with that charming imp, Miss Watson. The appearance of the parson suspends the moments of waggish dalliance, and turns the conversation to poetry and Ossian:

'An illiterate and half naked barbarian, and a Scots Highlander into the bargain. Like the slave habituated to his fetters, we were not willing to part even with our disgrace; and as we could not resist the strength, fertility, and tenderness of the Celtic bard, we had nothing for it, but to put him into the strong hands of the inquisition, armed with Homer and Virgil, with a thousand commentators, and ten thousand prejudices. Still the harp of the old barbarian sounded upon his cloud, and with increasing strength. This was not to be forgiven; so it was judged best to lay the ghost, by proving, declaring, and saying in the most incontestible manner, that neither the ghost nor the bard ever had an existence, except in the visionary heads of some scabbed highlanders. What a triumph to the learned and the little-minded! An hundred years hence, people may talk about the thing, but they will care little whether James Macpherson, Esq. or Ossian, the son of Fingal, was the bard; and may-be they will care as little, except as far as it favours literary disputation, whether Johnson wrote the Rambler, or Pope, his Essay on Man. But speaking of the Celtic bard, I feel a little of the difficult pressing upon me. I feel it not for myself, because my mind is as much at ease upon the subject, and with as much authority, as I feel myself entitled to number my fingers. These literary antagonists were within half an inch of one another, but they did not meet—perhaps they did not intend it. Had Macpherson, a man of bold genius, and talents not inadequate, told his tale correctly on the first publication of these poems, and I am not sure he did not so, when he attempted his specimen, the world would have repaid him as it did, with honour and emolument; his vanity however kept pace with his affluence, or rather made some long strides before it; and the story of originality now loudly mingling itself in the question, he found, as he thought, more honour redeemable; so he lay by, and ever after did what he could, with much art and ingenuity, to keep the affair in all possible doubt and obscurity. The truth of the whole business, however, which from some sort of choice, perhaps not of the most benignant kind, has implicated so much abilities, and so much character, may be thrust into a nut-shell. As I said, the antagonists could have easily met, and with honour; but these are not the regulations of controversy. Every country, especially the Highlands of Scotland, at least the thing has continued longest among them, has numerous tales to amuse their idleness, as well as to keep alive their native spirit and enthusiasm; and we have much reason to believe, that the rhapsodies of Homer were long preserved

* Daisy.

in

in a similar manner. Macpherson, like all the highlanders, was impressed with the highest veneration for these tales; but the antiquity afterwards affected, and shamelessly, in the face of all history and probability, attempted to be established, had not at that day entered into the heads of one of them. They allowed them, however, a comparative antiquity, but by no means the high antiquity Macpherson afterwards bestowed on them. Aided by his friends, and by the public, I believe, he collected a vast number of these scattered and detached pieces and poems, and, aided again by a man of ability, superior, it was believed, to his own, he arranged into an epic, what was possible, and it is to their honour that no feebleness appears to denounce the patch-work. Those poems that had little connection with Fingal or Temora, or where Fingal or Temora could be carried on without them, were published in their insulated state; but I would not aver that the soldering hand had not been upon them too. Did not Homer, or somebody, do all this for the Iliad? and were not Tucca and Varius doing some kind of duty, on that same kind of thing, the Eneid, though circumstances then were widely different indeed?'

It has often been asked, with an air of witty exultation,—Of what consequence is it to the world, whether the poems ascribed to Ossian be the production of some hoary bard "of the days of other times," or of a learned squire, who ate roast-beef and plumb-pudding in the 18th century? Doubtless, to the mere asserter of national claims, the inquiry is not very important: but in the history of literature and of human society, it is desirable to trace the progress of characteristic poetry, and to mark its most memorable epochs. With regard to a much-contested question, the sentiments quoted above are, perhaps, not very remote from the truth. Unless we altogether renounce the evidence of testimony, we must admit that certain heroic deeds and traditionary songs were recited in the highlands of Scotland previously to the appearance of the poems *confected* (if we may be allowed the term) by Mr. Macpherson; and it seems to be not less evident that this gentleman tacked together such scattered fragments as chance or industry threw in his way, and moulded his motley and meagre materials into a regular and seemly mass. Had he acted the part of a faithful editor, he would have contributed more to our information than to our pleasure; because, together with some striking beauties, he would have retained much absurdity: but still he would have exhibited a transcript of the genuine gaelic poetry, which forms the ground-work of his publication. To fix the date of these wild mountain-lays would require all the patient research which could be bestowed by a scholar, conversant in the language and history of the highlands, and superior to the prejudices of country and party.

We cannot so readily join the criticizing parson in his abuse of Virgil; because, though an imitator, he usually surpasses his original, and has bequeathed to us one of the most finished poems that the world ever saw.

Though *Glenfiddich* is rather a harsh title for a tender poem, and our ears are not much charmed by such a line as,

'Child of that fair, whose form stolen from the sky,"

it is our duty to observe that the versification in these volumes is seldom either prosaic or grating. With smoothness of cadence, Mr. M. (or one of his party) usually contrives to combine the still more envied qualities of simplicity and feeling. The following apostrophe to evening is not an unfavourable exemplification of this remark:

'Sweet Eve! then blythsome, cheery, lead along
Thy children's airy dance. and social song;
Trim the loose lock, which labour could not see;
And trim the garment spread to toil and thee;
From their young brows, care's traces rub away;
Sweet be the rising and the setting day.
On their smooth cheek, and from their beaming eye,
Bid toil's young pastime shine, and troubles fly;
And when dead night, in darkest mantle drest,
Marks out, long welcome, their sweet place of rest,
Shed thou thy influence o'er their heavy eyes,
Till morning's beam, and morning's joys arise.
Nought fills your veins with idle fancied woes;
Children of nature, sweet be your repose!'

Again,

'Sweet Eve! thy breath, rich from the forest, flies,
Loaded with dew, and odours as they rise.
It passes gently o'er the lakes and trees,
And scarcely forms the wanton, wand'ring breeze;
Lightly it skims the many-coloured scene,
And kisses soft the daisy on the green;
Wilt thou, too, gentle breeze! thus die away,
And leave the nameless remnant of the day?'

The continuation of this address is not, perhaps, equally happy, and two of the lines are deficient in grammatical correctness:

'And *dead*'s [dead *is*] thy children in its dire embrace.'
'Proud *rolls* thou river! through the roaring tide.'

We find such frequent instances of this last mistake, that we suspect the author of *malice prepense;* and that, without the fear of grammar before his eyes, he has sacrificed *concord* to *harmony*.

Meldrum-

Meldrum-Hall, and part of its hard fate, under the innovating auspices of Signior Pittoresco, are thus humorously depicted:

'Meldrum-hall, though I cannot trace the laying of its foundation-stone to the fabulous ages, or even to the more recent ones of the Danes and Saxons, yet was of considerable antiquity; and tradition held it up that my ancestors occupied the mansion, *far farther* back than I am willing to take credit for, though I never was at much pains, I must acknowledge, to throw any doubt or ridicule upon the story. Like all old mansions, it had been built into shape, and out of shape, many times, and oft, no matter by whom; but convenience and strength seem to have weighed more with the architects, than regularity and beauty. By divers exertions, however, by the time I came to the possession of it, it was moulded into no disagreeable shape, either internally or externally; and even at that time I think no private gentleman needed to have been ashamed to hang up his hat and coat in the hall, in token of right or heritage. Such was the house: a neat stone-wall, topped with a railing of iron, encompassed the court before it, and the gate was no mean affair, with its pillars decorated a-top with the lion and the unicorn. The pillars of the small entries on each side of the gate, and those at the angles, were surmounted, according to the punning conceits of former days, with a drum and a mallet, in allusion to our name. Behind all this, but close to it, lay the garden and the orchard; and though usefulness was evidently the first feature in their composition, yet elegance, and a particular kind of taste, seemed by no means to have been left out of the business. The whole was nearly surrounded by a forest almost as ancient as the mansion itself, whose tenants, the rooks, travelled forth in the morning, and returned in the evening, seemingly as well convinced of their rights, privileges, and property, as any squire that ever died of the gout at Meldrum-hall.

'The entry, as it was called heretofore, or the approach, as it is called now, though it seldom deserves the name, as from the little trimmed and winding paths, we can scarcely ever be certain whether we are approximating or receding from a house of any note—the entry was a long strait avenue from the south, composed of quadruple rows of oak, birch, and elm, within which, and on each side of a broad well gravelled road, were two broad green margins, of the best sward the country could afford.

'The extremity of this avenue was crossed by a fine little clear trundling rivulet, which nature had not been niggardly in furnishing with ornaments; and which the children, from the foundation of the dynasty, had bestowed their best abilities upon, by building little dams, and mills, and seats, and every little whim their little fancies could strike out.

'Ill-boding to all these things was the existence of the wise-born Signior Pittoresco.

'In the first year of this sapient gentleman's pilgrimages to new-clothe nature, and to set right the taste of a people who had never got

got Noah's mud out of their teeth, I was a few months married to Dorothy my dear Dorothy—and he having heard of our quarters, and presuming on the rude state of things about Meldrum-hall, contrived, somehow or other, to take us in his way, and to do us the honour of taking his tea, and bread, and butter, and eggs, and ham, and cold tongue, and a beef steak, done with onions, and a salt herring, and a dram, with us. During this operation, for breakfast I cannot call it, I was chipping away with bits of crust, or trifling with my teaspoon, trying ever and anon to elaborate some conversation with my guest; but I soon discovered, without much magic, that eating and thinking were not the work of the same hour, with the wonder-working Signior Pittoresco. Every thing, however, as some Solomon said, has an end, and so had Signior Pittoresco's breakfast; but whether his thinking faculties, from the plethora he had induced, could not find room to set themselves rightly and speedily a-going, or whether he had any at all, I could not well determine; but at any rate it would not have been very civil and wise, at the very outset of the business, and labouring under my own fears, as well as the dread of his follies, to commit the Signior roundly to the blue flames everlastingly.

'The repast over, the Signior, deflecting the muscles of his visage from the hilarious and rubicund expression excited by eating, to the dignified, philosophical, and appropriate countenance of an amateur, sublimely moved into the lobby, and assumed his little short cane, and little short spencer; while I was pacing it about with all possible complaisance and activity, in assisting him. Thus appointed, and his spurs hung up by his own hand, because they were a present, he said, from a very pretty young fellow, his best friend, My Lord Clumptree, who by the bye, he added, possessed a most exquisite taste, he wished me a good morning. I ventured to represent to him, with all possible self denial and humility, that perhaps I might be of some use to him in traversing the grounds; and was proceeding with infinite modesty, when he cut me short, by very coolly thanking me; and adding, with a little exaltation of manner, that a second person must break in upon the luminousness of his perceptions, and thereby mightily affect the vigour and originality of his ideas; and that a proprietor was in this doubly dangerous, as such gentlemen were generally sunk in apathy, or insipid familiarity, with the scenery and its capabilities; or they were miserably warped by limited perceptions and ideas, or by a pitiful and mistaken œconomy.

'Thus instructed by my guest, that I was both a fool and a scrub, I slunk back into the parlour to meditate the most heroic intentions. In a short time, I found every chair had some cursed fault or other; and I began to wonder how I could have endured the dullness of the glass in the windows so long. The arm-chair in the very best and most useful preservation, which my ancestors had honoured, and which had honoured them; the arm-chair which had administered to many a comfort, was decreed to be sent to the garret. By degrees, every thing became unbearable, and in this benign and christian temper sallied I forth.

'The

'The first thing I met to lubricate my attentions, was half a dozen carpenters, whom I had finishing my threshing-mill, sawing away at my best foreign planks which others were pointing into little stakes. The gardener's men, and every body that could be mustered, were hying after the Signior with these same stakes; for from the rapidity of his motions no one could have doubted of the ripeness of his conceptions; and the gardener himself was following, though at a respectful distance from the Signior, but with a face fraught with intelligibility, and incipient wisdom and importance. There was no balsam here, and my heroic intentions were stifled in the germ; but I am a peaceable man.' Pacing onwards I descried a line formed by these stakes, which appeared as fantastical to me, as the figures of the constellations on a globe, and as far beyond my abilities to comprehend. A poet, they say, sits down with a mighty sublime line of poetry, as he believes, in his head, and like a good christian trusts to God's providence for a second. Under some such impulse as this, our son of perception seemed to have stuck in his first stake; for whatever blemishes might hang upon the emanations of his brain, tardiness or timidity seemed to have no share in the business. Still disposed to graciousness and placability, I thought a trip over the farm, where I had no doubt of finding every thing to my liking, would soothe me a little, and prepare me on my return to get rid of the Signior and his ideas as quietly and as politely as possible. Little didst thou think, honest Malachi Meldrum, that the tempter was within thy gates, was in thy parlour, mercifully not in thy bedchamber, and preparing almost as much mischief for thee, as the devil did for us all, when he somehow got his nose *thurst* into the garden of Eden.

'Accordingly on my return I found my gentleman in the parlour, and my wife Dorothy at his elbow, with a sheet of large paper and a black-lead pencil on the table before them. My stately avenue, which had made many of my ancestors stroke their hoary chins with much self-gratulation, I soon learned, he had devoted to the axe, like a bush of furze; my pretty little murmuring rivulet was to be dammed up, and converted into something like a canal, let the Naiads and the Dryads comfort themselves as they best could; and the court, with its lions and unicorns, mallets and drums, was to be demolished instantly. Mercy on us! it was a wonder the house itself escaped the general doom; but Signior was too crafty, and reserved that for another essay. Aye, thought I, and all this to humour a fashion which may repent of itself in a couple of days, tho' it cannot *repone* itself in as many hundred years; or to gratify the whim of a capricious and assuming quack traveller, who might forget Meldrum-hall, with all its sweeps and its canals, in the first weaver's shop into which his affected search of knowledge might prompt him to descend. No, no; I was not disposed so hastily to give up my old friends, for so fresh, and so questionable, an acquaintance; so I set about rolling up Pittoresco's ideas in as careless and easy a manner as I could, in order to give as little offence as possible, or indeed none at all, thanking him all the while for the trouble he had taken, and the honour he had done us; and, nodding to my wife,

I added, we would, without loss of time, give them, as surely they deserved, our most serious and unbiassed consideration. I thought the oration irresistible; but, alas! I soon found myself most egregiously mistaken in my auxiliary. My dear, says Mrs. Dorothy Meldrum, and with something in her air and manner rather new to me, My dear, said she, during your absence Signior Pittoresco, whose taste, I think, cannot be sufficiently estimated, has been kindly pointing out to me what to be sure had not escaped my own observation before, and what has still more forcibly struck me, since our visits at Buramputu house, which you know the Colonel made a point of with me. Indeed every body must allow, that he is a very pretty gentleman; indeed all the East India gentlemen are that, not like the West India nabobs, who, be they ever so rich like your uncle, look always as if they had the whip over their shoulders to flog a negroe—the Colonel—I wish his lady—but that is neither here nor there. So as I was saying, when we were at Buramputu house—dear me! what fine lawns and fawns, shrubberies and bushcries, gravel walks, with pretty green selvidges, call you them? and things like vast big bonnets, plumps, or clumps, or something, I believe the Colonel called them—his wife—she is no lady—she called them something too, but that is no matter. What openings, what shuttings—what effectual disturbation of lights and shadows—how beautiful the converted trees, in one part of the canal, and how rude and wild the shadow of the corrupt rocks, on the other. In short, every thing, dear Mr. Meldrum, I am sure you were entrancised, indeed were ye, my dear—every thing how fine—how picturesque and sublunary, and grand—no straight walls and dead lines there—what scenery—what masses of light and darkness—the Lord deliver me! you might have travelled a month in the park, without knowing where the wall was; by the bye, I wonder yet where it was, and the garden was so delightfully set down, at five miles distance—that was truly sublunary—How nice the boys, running every hour with their baskets and creels—and the drudge cart—charming—for ever enlivening the picture from one end of it to the other—why can they not do this upon canvas—with its turnips and cabbages and odokuperous leeks, for the kitchen—truly sublunary indeed.—Meldrum-hall! dear Mr. Meldrum, Signior Pittoresco says, I have ideas the like—we must really compare, and conjungate our ideas about it, for we really both think it very capabilious.

'During this elegant effusion of the simple sublime, my ears were tingling; a cold sweat loaded my brow; and I was very heartily consigning Pittoresco and his ideas to the devil and the wrath to come; when taking a sly scrutinizing peep at dame Dorothy's visage, I found she was practising the same ingenuity on mine. It is very singular how circumstances, which one would think witchcraft itself could scarcely connect, will co-operate, and in an instant, and with vigour too.'

Few of the old Scottish ditties can boast of more poetical merit than *the Cummynge*, which is composed in imitation of them;

them; and the *despairing lover* is fraught with the expression of simple melancholy.

The character of Captain Hamilton's grandfather is a finished portrait: but our limits permit us to copy only the general outline.

'Charity might have taken him by the hand in every resting-place of his story; for his own benevolence was not always seen, or it was thrown in obliquely with the most fascinating humility. His temper, notwithstanding the progress of cold-blooded and suspicious age, was still tender, social, and generous; and though he doated on the manners of the last age, he stooped not, peevishly, to draw a comparison disadvantageous to the present. His civility, as he called it, acknowledged no privileged distinction of age, rank, or sex. His bow was ever ready to his superior, his equal, and his inferior; and to be sillily presuming with a prince or peer, haughtily to spread a blush over a peasant's face, or affront a very beggar, were actions, he said, incompatible with sense and justice, setting the feelings of mankind out of the question. Virtue, he said, was lovely, whether it sparkled from a throne, or glimmered in the wilderness; and if the author of nature, in the great scale of things, permitted vice and infirmity, we ought to pity, not to condemn. This simplicity of sentiment, and dignity of action, never forsook the good old man; for he was careful to preserve the disposition, by brooding over his life, where all his faculties were strong and vigorous, and when his feelings had not been blunted by the hand of time, or injured by a thoughtless, thankless world. A tale of distress, fifty years old, and a thousand times repeated, still brought its portion of tears along with it, when his shrivelled and trembling hand was scarcely able to lift the handkerchief, and to wipe them away. He said, he was the better *of* [*for*] dwelling on ideas like these; and that he was certain of existence only while he felt the link of affection undissolved.'

It is now time, however, to announce Mr. M.'s return to the Mansion-house, in consequence of being threatened with a serious fit of the gout: 'During my hours of respite in this same paroxysm,' adds he, 'I put my memorabilia together, and in such a manner as if they had been penned immediately as they occurred; lamenting and grieving bitterly all the while, that my Tourifications, from which I had promised myself so much renown, as well as entertainment, should have terminated in less than a day, and in not more than a dozen of miles from my fire-side.' He then bewails, in suitable strains, the death of Paulo, a favourite whelp; and, finally, he treats the reader with a song, intitled *Nell o'Garvamore*.

The etiquette of our tribunal forbids a poetical response at parting: but we beg leave to assure the author, in plain prose, that he has not a little contributed to smooth and enliven our serious labours; that we learn with pleasure that the impression

sion of his work has been diffused, without the aid of advertisements or *puffs direct;* and that, though in the routine of our vocation we had noted some instances of hasty or provincial writing, on perusing the story of Jessy Hawthorn, they were effaced by our tears.

Muir.

ART. IV. *A Tour through Germany;* particularly along the Banks of the Rhine, Mayne, &c. and that Part of the Palatinate, Rhingaw, &c., usually termed the Garden of Germany. To which is added a concise *Vocabulary* of familiar *Phrases,* &c. in German and English, for the Use of Travellers. By the Rev. Dr. Render, Native of Germany. 2 Vols. 8vo. 16s. Boards. Longman and Rees.

IN stating his pretensions to the notice of the British public, Dr. Render informs us that he passed eight years in the countries which he describes, and that he directed his attention chiefly to men and manners. From such an opportunity and such a disposition, much was to be expected from a gentleman of liberal education; and, in the Doctor's own estimation, much has been performed. Occasional aukwardness of composition cannot materially affect the intrinsic value of his observations: yet we would seriously advise all foreigners, who venture to write in English, to submit their manuscripts to the revision of some friendly and competent judge; or even to the process of book-dressing, which is now practised on an easy and extensive scale, for the accommodation of the great and little authors of our own island.

The 'preliminary account of Germany, together with some observations for a traveller through that extensive empire,' appears to us trite and desultory, though 'founded on the most accurate and authentic documents.' Do these, however, confirm the assertion that 'Germany is the *only* country in Europe which cultivates every production necessary to a large and flourishing state?' and may not such language be construed into an insult, by the chief magistrate of the great Republic One and Indivisible?

The Doctor's salutary hints are followed by a *critique raisonnée* on English, French, and German postillions; and that, again, by a notice of infinite importance to travellers. 'In the Appendix to the second volume,' says he, 'I have subjoined, for the benefit of those who travel in Germany, *a Vocabulary of easy words and familiar phrases, with short and expressive dialogues on travelling; together with the German and English alphabets, with a short alphabetical German and English Dictionary,* &c. calculated to facilitate the learning of the language, which will

will enable *them* to converse on the road, even though very young beginners, and which constitutes at once a source of information, entertainment, and improvement.' This modest recommendation of such a precious philological apparatus is not without a parallel. A very learned and zealous professor of Oriental languages, who conceived that the salvation of the world depended on that of the vowel points, thus addressed one of his pupils, who was on the eve of embarking for Germany: "My young friend, I have but three cautions to give you,—Read your bible,—be often on your knees,—and take my grammar along with you."—The present generous tourist, however, has not limited his extra-services to the compilement of 'an alphabetical German and English Dictionary.'

'What delight,' he exclaims, 'must a foreigner feel in passing some hours in a German lodge, where every thing is conducted with decorum and the greatest solemnity! There he will meet the first princes of the German empire, nobility and men of learning; and, to heighten the charms and conviviality of the scene, music, all powerful music! is called in to accompany the choicest songs. I shall here take the liberty of presenting my reader with a specimen of a German masonic song, which is adopted in all the lodges in the empire. I am the more induced to publish it in this work, as I have often sung it in several lodges in this kingdom, and been requested to publish it, with the music, and an English translation.

"Come, brothers, sing with me,
Join, brethren all;
Wisdom our Goddess be,
List to her call."—*Et sic deinceps.*

We could quote more from another part of the work in praise of free-masonry, did we not fear that Professor Robison, or the Abbé Barruel, might cite the convivial Doctor before their bloody tribunal.

The travels commence abruptly with a description of Frankfort on the Mayne;—a flourishing city, and, if we may implicitly rely on the author's assertions, 'one of the wealthiest in all Europe.' In the second volume, however, (p. 212.) he considers Hamburgh to be 'without comparison the most flourishing and richest city in Germany.'

Whoever has heard of Frankfort has heard of its inns, fairs, &c.: but the following particulars may, perhaps, be gratifying to some of our readers:

'A man who commits a bankruptcy in Germany is very severely dealt with: no people in the world hold this in more abhorrence than the Germans, as every one of the family *suffer* for it. No person thus insolvent can ever expect to get a public employment in the state, and should he even hold one at the time, it would be immediately taken from him. He is looked upon as an outcast in all societies,

cieties, and every company avoids his approach. How far in that respect my countrymen go beyond the mark, I leave to the judgment of others. I think some allowance ought to be made in cases of this kind, when it is recollected how many men in England, who have unfortunately become bankrupts, have afterwards not only paid twenty shillings in the pound to all their creditors, but have also accumulated large fortunes for themselves and families: I am rather inclined to infer that there is something rotten in the state of the *lex Germanorum* on this particular head.'

The indiscriminate application of either lenity or rigour, in the treatment of bankrupts, is alike hurtful to the interests of individuals and of society. Fraud or gross negligence ought not to pass unpunished, but the objects of misfortune are intitled to the pity and support of the benevolent:

'The *adeliche stiftungen*, "convents for female nobility" of protestant families, are very numerous, and their luxurious mode of living exceeds that of the first nobility in Germany. The ladies are permitted to marry, and to associate with the most noble families in the city. Every new emperor at his coronation lodges in one of these noble convents during his residence at Francfort, which is a month. These edifices are the most magnificent that can be imagined, and their apartments are furnished in the most elegant style. Every lady, who is introduced and admitted into such convent, must produce a lineal genealogy of nobility. They enjoy every happiness, and are not in the least confined to any irksome regulations. The greater part of them are well educated; and are extremely affable to their inferiors and strangers. They are generally the daughters of noble and ancient warriors; as dukes, counts, marquisses, generals, &c. who at their death have not been able to leave them a fortune sufficient for the proper support of their rank in life. They have the advantage of being provided with every article both of necessity and luxury; and enjoy, likewise, an annual income, which is frequently very considerable. Many of these ladies dress in a peculiar style of elegance, and wear armorial ornaments about their necks, shewing the distinction and antiquity of their ancestors. Others have crosses and relics from the holy land to which their families have been entitled. The superiors have their orders given them by the emperor of the Romans.'

The abolition of expensive funerals, and the law against burying in churches, are recorded with due approbation. The sensible and humane saying of Sir Matthew Hale, that *churches were for the living, and church-yards for the dead*, was, perhaps, never more fatally illustrated than in the following narrative:

'In the month of July 17**, a very corpulent lady died at *** in ****. Before her death she begged as a particular favour to be buried in the parochial church. She had died on the Wednesday, and on the following Saturday was buried according to her desire. The next day the clergyman preached her funeral sermon; the weather was uncommonly hot, and it ought to be observed, that for several months preceding her death a great drought had prevailed, not a drop

of rain had fallen, and consequently it was an uncommonly sultry season.

'The succeeding Sunday, a week after the lady had been buried, the protestant clergyman had a very full congregation, upwards of nine hundred persons attending, that being the day for administering the holy sacrament. The weather still continuing very hot, many were obliged, during the service, to walk out for a little while to prevent their fainting, whilst some had actually fainted away. It is the custom in Germany, that when people wish to receive the sacrament, they neither eat nor drink till the ceremony is entirely over.

'The worthy clergyman preached about an hour and a quarter; he then consecrated the bread and wine, which ought to be uncovered during the ceremony. There were about one hundred and eighty communicants. A quarter of an hour after the ceremony, before they had quitted the church, more than sixty of the communicants were taken ill, several died in the most violent agonies; others of a more vigorous constitution survived by the help of medical assistance: a most violent consternation prevailed among the whole congregation and throughout the town. It was concluded, that the wine had been poisoned, and so it was generally believed. The sacristan, and several others belonging to the vestry, were immediately arrested and put in irons.

'The clergyman on the succeeding Sunday preached a great deal of enthusiasm, and pointed out to his congregation several others concerned in the plot. This enthusiastic sermon, I am sorry to say, is in print; as also the violent proceedings of the clergyman and the magistrate against many of the unfortunate people arrested.

'The persons accused underwent very great hardships: during the space of a week they were confined in a dungeon, and some of them even put to the torture, but they still persisted in their innocence.

'On the Sunday following, the magistrate ordered that a chalice of wine uncovered, should be placed for the space of an hour upon the altar, which had scarcely elapsed, when they beheld the wine filled with myriads of insects; and, by tracing whence they came, it was at length perceived, by the rays of the sun, that they issued from the grave of the lady who had been buried the preceding fortnight. The people not belonging to the vestry were dismissed, and four men were employed to open the grave and the coffin: in doing which, two of them dropt down and expired on the spot, and the other two were only saved by the utmost exertion of medical talents. It is beyond the power of words to describe the horrid sight of the corpse when the coffin was opened. The whole was an entire mass of putrefaction; and it was now clearly demonstrated that the numerous insects, both large and small, together with the effluvia which had issued from the body, had caused this pestilential infection, which was a week before attributed to poison. I am happy to add that, on this discovery, the persons accused were instantly liberated, and every atonement made by the clergyman and magistrate for their misguided conduct.'

A simple regulation against *Begging* has been successfully adopted in several parts of Germany:—whoever gives money

to a street-beggar is obliged to pay a guilder (about two shillings sterling) for every farthing thus bestowed; one half of the penalty is given to the informer, who is usually the beggar himself, and the other to the poor's fund.

The following plan of insurance against fire has likewise been attended with the happiest consequences:

'Through the whole principality of a German prince, be it ever so extensive, all the houses, barns, cottages, stables, and buildings of every kind, except public edifices, such as churches and chapels, are numbered. Every proprietor delivers a statement in writing of the value of his houses and moveable effects, in doing which he is allowed to estimate them at any amount he thinks proper. If a person be suspected of having ensured his house and effects at a higher value than they really are, an enquiry into the real value is made by commissioners appointed for that purpose, and their determination is decisive. Be a cottage ever so small, the proprietor of it is obliged to ensure it, and the little property it may contain: hence every house, &c. in the whole principality being ensured, and the assurance money being demanded only half-yearly, and that in such sums as are proportionate to the loss or damages by fire which have been incurred in the whole principality; each person's half-yearly *quota* is paid very willingly, as it is in general but very trifling. Nay it frequently happens that no demand whatever is made at the end of the six months, there not being any thing destroyed by fire in the respective principality during that interval. This, I think, will appear to every one a judicious plan of assurance: for, should a whole village or the greater part of a town be destroyed at one fire, every proprietor's loss will be made up without delay; and yet as the loss is in part borne by every proprietor in the whole principality, the proportional expence is reduced so low, that but few persons pay more than one shilling *per annum*, and many not even so much. Let us suppose the whole capital of a prince's dominion to be a hundred millions of guilders, and it should happen, a circumstance indeed hitherto unheard-of, that one million should be destroyed by fire; the loss that would fall upon any individual would be very trifling, owing to the assessment being made on the whole principality, and not on any particular district: but as such a case does not happen in a century, the annual contribution of each proprietor is very trifling, and no person is obliged to pay a single farthing till a fire happens.'

We cannot entirely approve the direct controul of government in the management of public schools. If the prince and his ministers be wise and virtuous, their superintendance would, doubtless, be followed by the most salutary effects: but, should they happen to be weak, depraved, or ambitious of rule, their interference in the education of the country is to be deprecated. Ignorance is the fatal chain which rivets oppression; and even in free and enlightened countries, men have been found who have unblushingly maintained that the people

should be debarred from knowlege: yet the liberal courses of study, which are prosecuted in some of the Protestant states of Germany, already augur the growth of rational freedom, and merit the mutual encouragement of princes and their subjects. Dr. R. is not a little pleased with the reflection that they will, moreover, place the youth of his native country beyond the reach of *quacks*,—a dreadful race, against whom he wages an open and unrelenting warfare. We have no partiality for mountebanks in medicine, philosophy, or religion; and we entertain very little charity for the individual, who can deliberately practise on the ignorance or the credulity of his neighbour: but it happens very fortunately for the world, that venders of drugs can have no interest in disseminating poison; that the basis of some of their most vaunted remedies is an innocent, or, perhaps, a seasonable stimulus; that the virtues of others are confirmed by experience; and that all may operate more or less on the imagination, and even, in some cases, effect a cure merely by creating confidence. We admit that the particulars here stated are of the most distressing kind: but the vulgar may equally suffer from the contents of an apothecary's shop. At all events, we are not quite prepared to affirm that 'the bombastical advertisements or hand-bills of these mischievous impostors, quack-doctors, are, in fact, the promoters of universal pestilence, and act as slow poison to thousands;' and that 'the impostors themselves are pests of the human race, and universal executioners.'—Space and time are too often measured by the perceptions and feelings of individuals. Enough of the Doctor's paper and leisure, we must confess, appeared to us to have been expended on the would-be-physicians: but he again puts them to the route in his second volume; and, meanwhile, 'he hopes his readers will not be displeased at his having given them a *brief* account of the various calamities which these fellows have produced in Germany, though so very much guarded against.' To compensate in some measure for his brevity, he transcribes, from his own translation of *the Robbers*, a passage which savours rather too strongly of the latitude of *Bornheim*. Dr. R. and his sly readers will comprehend the full force of our allusion. No delicate female will thank the author for such quotations; nor are they necessary to strengthen the argument, since objects equally loathsome with that described by Schiller are, alas! too familiar to the observation of regular practitioners, and too fatally removed beyond their skill.

The many and substantial reforms introduced by Joseph II., especially his abolition of the observance of idle holidays and his repression of the petty tyranny of the nobles, are more

pleasing themes, and deservedly occupy a distinguished place in the account of these travels.

Dr. R.'s excursions in the neighbourhood of Frankfort are related in a manner sufficiently rambling and digressive. The forest of Spessart is said, in the text, to be one of the largest in Europe, extending fifty English miles in length: but we are told, in a note, that the Black forest is the largest in Germany, 'being sixty *days'* journey in length, and nine in breadth.' Without allowing his readers leisure to adjust these dimensions, Dr. R. immediately descants on highway robberies and executions, as he had formerly done on postillions and impostors. A sublime hanging scene, *à l'Allemande*, is again copied from the Robbers; and again we are respectfully informed that this tragedy 'is translated into English by the author of this work.'

Fortunately for the lovers of gayer painting, the Doctor and his pupils penetrated into a delightful country; and the prospect from a commanding eminence, when the sun 'was making a golden set,'—and also next morning, when 'Sol's bright beams, darting lustre around, broke through and dispelled the darkness,'—give full scope to the writer's talents for description. Aware, perhaps, that the humane reader might be anxious for the subsistence of the party on the top of the hill, he artfully blends some very comfortable intelligence with his bold and majestic colouring of the landscape. The good pastor of Cronenburg had provided 'a man with an ass, with panniers full-packed, and thrown across his back.—The two large panniers contained several blankets, and other coverings, also half a dozen of excellent wine, and a small collation of several sorts of provisions.'

The magnitude of the cabbages in Hesse-Darmstadt withdraws our attention from Mentz, and from the expulsion of the Protestants from the Palatinate, to the preparation of sour-krout. Large cabbages, however, are not the only boast of Darmstadt; for it is noticed on account of its salubrious air, its gay court, its cheap provisions, and its polite and hospitable society.

The intimation of a journey performed mostly on foot, and directed to Oppenheim, Worms, Manheim, Spire, Heidelberg, &c. during six weeks, in which the travellers 'remarked every thing worthy notice,' led us to expect very ample gleanings; but most of the places mentioned are dispatched with brevity, and in the form of uninteresting memoranda. The Doctor, indeed, dilates on the shocking ravages committed by the French soldiery towards the end of the seventeenth century: but events of such notoriety constitute no essential part of a book of travels.—One short sentence requires explanation.

In

In the language of Goody Two Shoes, *See here it is:* 'The almond trade, *of which* great quantities grow along the Bergstrasse, is very considerable.'—Do almonds really ripen in Germany?' and, if they do, what are the modes of plantation and culture? In the most sheltered districts of the south of France, they are frequently blighted in spring.'

In their progress down the Rhine, Dr. R. and his two English pupils halted at Rudesheim, to partake of the *Feast of Bacchus*, which is annually celebrated about the middle of October in all the towns and villages of the Rhingaw. Dulcet strains and lovely maidens enlivened the procession, and the banquet and the dance were prolonged till four o'clock next morning; 'when,' says the Doctor, 'we adjourned to the Mayor's house, where we enjoyed a few hours of sweet and sound repose; to which our mental as well as bodily exertions during the dance, no doubt, considerably contributed.' Our three travellers thanked the Mayor for "the feast of *reason* and the flow of *soul*." As well might they have complimented the Monks of Erbach on their abstinence and austerity:

'I am inadequate to the task of describing as I could wish the life of poverty, as it is called, which the Monks lead in this convent. It is the richest in all Germany; and the traveller who visits it is astonished at the princely and luxurious life of its inhabitants. They have an excellent pack of hounds, with a stable of fine hunters; apartments magnificently furnished; a dozen of most beautiful singing girls; and their wine-cellar excites the utmost astonishment. A coach and four might easily drive round in the cellar, and turn in it with the greatest facility. The number of large full casks is really amazing, each being about seventeen or eighteen feet in height. They have six fine billiard-tables, which are contained in three large rooms; and, besides all this, an excellent band of musicians. Their hospitality towards foreigners and strangers is surprizing; and a traveller scarcely meets with such a reception in any other part of the globe. I call them *fat monks*, there being very few among them, who do not weigh sixteen or eighteen stone, and several even exceed it. But it is at the same time equally surprizing, how they keep the common people in ignorance. One instance shall suffice for the many which I saw.

'Before the dinner was served, to which we were invited by the Prelate, we had sufficient time to take a walk in an adjacent wood, where the Monks pretend to work a number of miracles, and to which thousands of the deluded people of distant Roman Catholic countries make pilgrimages annually. The palace in the wood, where these miracles are wrought, is called *Hülfe Gottes*, *i. e.* "God's Help," (it ought to be called a place for deception and blasphemy). According to the legend, a small wooden crucifix of the Saviour was by carelessness stuck in a hollow tree, where it remained for a long time, crying "God help me! God help me!" At length a Friar came, and removed the cause of the piteous exclamation: since which the

crucifix has performed innumerable miracles. Every pilgrim who pays a visit to it is obliged to bestow some donation; as a compensation for which he receives some picture, or relique, from the Monks, by which means they accumulate a very large annual revenue. I could give innumerable instances of the frauds practised under the name of Miracles, but one may suffice as an example of the people's credulity, and of the Priest's impiety, which is performed annually at Cologne.

'On certain holy days the Virgin Mary is shewn to the multitude, who *is* made to weep at the performance of a mock crucifixion of our Saviour in her presence; while the priestly impostors are driving nails through the hands and feet of the son, tears fall from the eyes of the mother. This juggle may be accounted for thus: holes being pierced in the corners of the eyes of the image, by moving gently a small vessel within side, some few drops of water are made to run through the apertures; at certain intervals, to render the scene more affecting, a nun who is hidden, but quite within hearing, makes a most lamentable moaning. By a mechanical contrivance, also, to make the fraud pass still more current, when the nails enter the feet and hands of our supposed Saviour, some drops of blood are seen to issue.

'When we came back, the dinner was immediately served. It consisted of two courses, each of about thirty-two covers; and a dessert, served up in a princely style. Every Monk at Erbach has four bottles of the best wine for his daily allowance; and when they entertain strangers, they are allowed to drink *ad libitum*.

'Before we set off for Geisenheim, the Prelate showed us his private stables, magnificent carriages, and pack of hounds; it is not in my power to describe the luxurious life of these debauched hypocrites, suffice it to say, there are few princes able to cope with them.'

We can easily believe that these overgrown tenants of the cloister are not the chosen spirits of the earth: but, in an abundant and hospitable country, the reverend Mentor and his young friends might have procured a comfortable dinner without any obligation to 'debauched hypocrites.'

The humiliating submission of the Emperor Henry to the Pope, and the claims of the latter to supremacy, are known to every reader who is conversant in the history of Europe: but many, we doubt not, are strangers to the jolly *attractions* of St. Goar:

'At the *Green Man* inn there are preserved two large silver goblets, of great antiquity and curious workmanship, the sides of which are embossed with figures and inscriptions. One of them was presented to the city of *Saint Goar* by *Christina*, Queen of Sweden; and the other by one of the Princes of Hesse, of the House of Rheinfels. These goblets were entrusted to this house on account of the public courts respecting the police of the town being formerly held here, and are now become heir-looms. The stranger being seated on a chair in the middle of the room, has a heavy silver collar put round his neck. The landlord, after having placed a gilded crown upon his

his head, reads a short sermon out of a large old book; after which he is asked "whether he will choose to be baptized with wine or with water?" If he says with water, a large quantity is poured upon his head; but if he prefer wine, (which is generally the case,) he is obliged to drink a certain number of toasts out of the two silver goblets, something similar to that in England of being sworn at Highgate.

'The newly baptized stranger then writes his name in the antique book, where he finds already those of a great number of persons of all ranks and countries. The goblets pass jovially round, and several jocund songs are sung. The collar which the stranger has on his neck, is said to have belonged to the two sons of *Charlemagne*, and to have been set apart for the use of the city on the day of their reconciliation. If the company be jocular, this ceremony is indeed very entertaining, and the conclusion is, that several bottles of Rhenish are emptied on the occasion. This ceremony is called *krönung*, "coronation."

'Every thing here breathes the air of pleasure and joy. There are few places where a man can have so many different pleasures for so little expence. Wine in superfluity: the best kinds are that of *Johannisberg*, *Assmanshausen*, *Mannebach*, and *Diebach*, which are not inferior to *old hock;* all kinds of fish, game, and other provision in abundance; singing, dancing, and various other amusements, fill up the vacant hours. The people of this place are distinguished for good living beyond those of any other part of Germany. The dinner of people of rank, which takes up nearly two hours, generally consists of two courses, each containing sixteen or eighteen covers, and the wine is served from large quart bottles, in half-pint goblets. Nothing is taken so much care of here as the *animal* part. There are however several other places in Germany, where the people in general are gluttonous to the highest excess. In my tour through *Bavaria*, and at *Vienna*, I observed that there was scarcely a space of half an hour between breakfast and dinner, and hardly an hour between dinner and supper, but is appropriated to eating or drinking of some sort. The interval of time is employed in a short walk, and going to the play. The coffee-houses in the latter city, of which there are about eighty, are mostly magnificent. In the beer-houses, where wine also is sold, a person may be accommodated with all sorts of eatables. Many of them are very elegantly furnished, like those of Francfort on the Mayn. In some you see marble tables, beautiful green, or red damask tapestry, large looking-glasses with rich gilt frames, and clocks *à la mode de Paris;* and in all there is a perpetual eating and drinking. At *Munich* in particular, when it happens that a guest has satiated himself at table, he retires into an adjoining room, and employs every artificial means *um sich Luft zu machen*; literally, to procure air, *i. e.* to empty himself; and returns to the company as if nothing had happened.'

Under the article *Coblentz*, we are treated with another piece of dark scenery, depicted with strange minuteness, and terminated by a description of the miseries of the exiles at Kamtschatka.

chatka. The pallid reader casts his eye on the note, and learns that the quotations are from Kotzebue's Conspiracy of Kamtschatka; and, moreover, that this performance is translated by Dr. Render. The Doctor likewise bestows a handsome encomium on the ardour of mind with which his uncorrupted pupils received his *exclamations;* thinks that his pains, as the tutor of such susceptible young friends, were highly rewarded; and has 'many times wished to enjoy once more the pleasure of becoming the guardian of youth.' We were truly concerned to observe that the Beotian atmosphere of Cologne should have deprived susceptible young gentlemen of their ardour of intellect even for a moment. When the soldier who accompanied them to the inn with their luggage, and who is represented as a 'poor dirty clown,' began to tell them how very old and infirm he was, that he had seven children to maintain, and that his wife was lame,' the tender-hearted youths were fairly at a fault, and 'did not know what to say to the soldier's appeal, nor to what purpose it was directed;' but the Doctor perfectly well understood his meaning, 'and gave him twelve stivers;' &c.

In the dirty and melancholy streets of Cologne, idleness, ignorance, monkery, and priestcraft, have long reigned triumphant:

'One third part of the inhabitants are nothing but privileged beggars, who form a regular corporation: they sit upon rows of stools placed in every church, and take precedence according to their seniority: when the oldest dies, the person next him takes his place. The old people, who belong to this fraternity, consider a place upon these stools as a provision for a son, or a marriage-portion for a daughter.

'Another third of the inhabitants are ecclesiastics. The streets are crowded with beggarly monks, and with a race whom they call abbés. They are rough, dirty clowns, besmeared all over with snuff, who game for *blafferts* with the lowest fellows in public ale-houses. After having said mass in the morning, they run of errands, clean shoes, and are porters and pimps for the rest of the day. Strangers may easily be introduced to some female nunneries, and even into their sick-rooms, by means of their assistance. The nuns never allow persons of the male sex to enter the interior of their convents, except on festival days, as when a sister nun takes the veil; or, which is more common, when they are sick, on which occasion they are allowed to receive them in the rooms set apart for their convenience. A stranger frequently meets in such apartments half a dozen, or perhaps more, pretended sick sisters together. These are generally friends, and understand each other perfectly well. If it however should happen that any of them prove pregnant, they are immured alive.'

Passing over an adventure at a Convent, which might figure in a sentimental novel, but which Dr. R. should have been the

the last person to divulge, we proceed to the remaining third of the Colognese.

'The other third of the inhabitants of Cologne consists of a few patricians, of merchants, and of mechanics, on the effects of whose industry and exertions the rest live. Upon the whole, Cologne is at least two centuries behind the rest of Germany in the improvement of arts and sciences. Bigotry, ill manners, clownishness, and slothfulness, are perceptible in every part of it. The speech, dress, furniture of the houses, want of lamps in the streets by night, in short every thing is totally different from what is seen in the other parts of the empire. I do not pretend to say there are no exceptions, as I have been acquainted with some Roman Catholic families, who are distinguished for their taste and elegant manner of living; but these are very few indeed.'

Leaving Father *Simplicius Hahn* and other *holy quacks* to answer for their foul misdeeds, and allowing absurd Romish miracles to answer for themselves, we beg leave to introduce to the acquaintance of our readers Anna Maria Schaurmann;

'A lady remarkable for the early maturity, as well as the uncommon comprehensiveness of her mental powers. It is said, that at the age of three years she was able to read books in her native language with discrimination; and that when she was six years old she composed several pieces, both in prose and verse, upon various subjects, which are deemed worthy of places in the cabinets of the curious. I saw several specimens of her composition in the cabinet of baron Hüpsch at that city.

'It is also affirmed, that in the space of a few days she learned the art of embroidery; which, with no great practice, she carried to the highest degree of perfection. Baron Hüpsch showed us two specimens. They are in the same style as those I saw in London at Miss Linwood's exhibition.

'She could speak all living languages with great fluency, and was very familiar with the Greek and Hebrew. Every thing she did, appears to have been extraordinary; and it is said, that she hastened her death by eating a considerable quantity of *spiders!*'

Whoever is desirous of a strongly coloured comparative view of the effects of popery and protestantism on society may peruse Dr. R.'s picture of Cologne. His extensive range of castigation embraces priests, monks, players, mountebanks, quack-doctors, and itinerant dentists; and he relates some anecdotes of the latter description of gentry, which were certainly calculated to provoke all the severity of his strictures.

The remaining parts of the second volume require no minuteness of examination. Westphalia is rather geographically dissected, than delineated with interest; and the observations on Hamburg, Bremen, Hanover, &c. though circumstantial, add little to the reports of former travellers. The history of the Secret Tribunals will, however, prove highly gratifying to those

those who are unacquainted with the singular phænomenon of such associations; and the present traveller possessed several opportunities of obtaining particular and authentic information on this curious subject.

The *concise* view of Germany, consisting of little more than names and ciphers, extends beyond 100 pages; and the vocabulary and dialogues employ between 40 and 50 more.

All the valuable information conveyed in these volumes might easily have been comprized in one; yet the work, unequal as it is in point of merit, will reward the trouble of perusal.

Muir.

ART. V. *Specimens of the early English Poets;* to which is prefixed an Historical Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the English Poetry and Language. By George Ellis, Esq. 3 Vols. Crown 8vo. 1l. 1s. Boards. Nicol.

OUR readers will recollect that we had occasion to notice a former publication by Mr. Ellis on this subject *; and the work is now so much enlarged, that it must be regarded as almost entirely new. It forms a very entertaining collection; and to those who have not access to extensive and curious libraries, it will prove a valuable acquisition, since it will introduce them to the knowlege of many authors whose productions are seldom to be procured.

The volumes are introduced by some preliminary observations on the origin of our language and poetry. Mr. Ellis is of opinion that the changes in the Saxon tongue, which constitutes so great a part of our language, consist in the omission of its inflections; similar to the process by which the Latin was changed into the Romania dialects.

After the account which we have given of Mr. Warton's History of English poetry †, it is unnecessary to follow the present writer in his view of the Saxon or Norman poets; and indeed the barrenness of the subject is not very inviting. In justice to Mr. Ellis, however, it must be observed that he has abridged with judgment, and that his own remarks always merit attention. This sketch comes down to the reign of Henry VIII.—A short history of each poet is introduced, with general criticisms on his works, and specimens; some of which are perhaps longer than was necessary.

From volume ii, we shall favour our readers with a sonnet, by Samuel Daniel:

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* Vol. i. N. S. p. 449. † See Rev. vols. 51, 52, 59, 66.

'Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green,
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth shew,
And straight 'tis gone as it had never been.

'Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish,
Short is the glory of the blushing rose:
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forced to lose.

'When thou, surcharg'd with burthen of thy years,
Shall bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth,
And when in beauty's lease, expir'd, appears
The date of age, the calends of our death—
But ah! no more—this must not be foretold,
For women grieve to think they must be old.'

There is some merit in the succeeding poem, which we do not remember to have seen published before:—the author is unknown:

'TO THE MOON. [From an old MS.]

'Thou silent moon, that look'st so pale,
So much exhausted, and so faint,
Wandering over hill and dale,
Watching oft the kneeling saint—
Hearing his groans float on the gale—
No wonder thou art tir'd and pale.

'Yet I have often seen thee bring
Thy beams o'er yon bare mountain's steep;
Then, with a smile, their lustre fling
Full on the dark and roaring deep;
When the pilgrim's heart did fail,
And when near lost the tossing sail.

'Sure, that passing blush deceives;
For thou, fair nymph, art chaste and cold;
Love *our* bosom seldom leaves;
But thou art of a different mould.
Hail, chaste queen! for ever hail!
And, prithee, look not quite so pale!

'Yet stay—perhaps thou'st travell'd far,
Exulting in thy conscious light:
Till, as I fear, some youthful star
Hath spread his charms before thy sight;
And, when he found his arts prevail,
He left thee, sickening, faint, and pale.'

We could extract with pleasure many of the compositions noticed under the reigns of Charles I. and II., but they must be known to most of our poetical readers.—In the remarks with which the author concludes, he assigns the complete formation of our

our present language to the beginning of the thirteenth century. He adds;

'From this time to the reign of Edward III. our infant language was enriched, or perhaps overloaded, by a constant accession of French words. This, indeed, might be expected. Wealth, when accompanied by freedom, generally gives birth to magnificence, but it does not of necessity and immediately become the parent of taste and invention. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, even our kings and nobles were in the habit of expending their whole stock of gaiety, as well as their treasure, on the four great festivals of the year; and the intervening times of leisure were employed in devising modes of amusement, and providing a disposition to be amused. But as the commercial part of the nation had something else to do, they seem to have contented themselves with copying, as nearly as they could, the pleasures of their superiors. Their festivities were conducted with the same minute attention to ceremonial, and diversified with the same or nearly similar sports and representations. Their tables exhibited the same specimens of complicated cookery. The recitation of tales of chivalry was necessary to the solemnity of these festivals; and as the French minstrels had, long since, preoccupied the fabulous era of every known history, their English successors were reduced to the necessity of translating. In executing this task, under the constraint of finding a constant succession of rhymes, in a language which was hitherto rude and untractable, they might often be led to borrow the words and phrases of the original. At least it was their interest to adopt and give a currency to every new term, which had acquired the authority of colloquial usage: so that the compositions of our early writers are become nearly unintelligible to those, who are not familiarly acquainted with the Norman vocabulary.

'It is very possible that our language may not have received much real improvement from this indiscriminate adoption of foreign idioms; but perhaps it was in some measure indebted to them for its reception at court, where it supplanted the Norman-French, which had exclusively prevailed there, from the time of the conquest. This alteration, which insured to our national literature all the advantages that patronage can bestow, seems to have taken place in the reign of Edward III. whose policy led him to excite a hatred of France among his subjects, and who proscribed the exclusive use of French in our laws, and in the elements of education. Gower, as we have seen, commenced his literary career by aspiring to the character of a French poet, and only began his English work in his old age, during the reign and by the command of Richard II. The fashionable dialect, therefore, had probably changed during the interval, and it may be presumed, that this change also procured us the advantage of Chaucer's talents, which, from the circumstances of his birth and education, would naturally have been employed, had he written a few years sooner, in cultivating a foreign rather than his native language.'

We shall here close our account of this work; which we recommend to the lover of English poetry, as a judicious and cheap

cheap selection, containing very few quotations from those poets whose productions have been republished by the booksellers, and exhibiting the progressive improvements of our language more completely than any compilation of this kind which has been hitherto attempted.

Fer.

ART. VI. *Poems.* By Peter Bayley jun. Esq. 8vo. 7s. Boards. Miller. 1803.

WE cannot help suspecting that the name which stands in the title-page of this book is only a *nom de guerre;* and that a former acquaintance amuses himself with our perplexity in guessing at him behind his mask. If this be the case, we seriously do not approve this literary game at blind-man's buff; and, as the volume contains nothing of which its author needs to be ashamed, we must wish that he had made known his real appellation.

The poems are of different characters; and we shall give a short view of each class.—The satirical pieces consist of, 1st, *an Apology for Writing,* which opens the volume; and which contains some free observations on modern writers, with a vindication of Mr. West's paintings against the gibing attacks of Peter Pindar.—These lines afford a fair specimen of it:

'*A.* With you I praise the pencil that bids rise
Heroes of other days before our eyes,
Perpetuates the features of the *brave,*
And all the worth that decorates its *age.*
Oft have I bless'd the pencil that can steal
From absence half its bitterness, reveal
The form of one belov'd, and bless our eyes
With friends that wander under other skies;
Still must I join the verse that ridicules
The flatterers of those presumptuous fools,
Who give their numskulls, dress'd by art divine,
And highly varnish'd, in rich frames to shine.
Lawrence, or Hoppner, or Sir William, knows
What he who paints a portrait undergoes;
How e'en their skill may fail to satisfy
The cravings of self-love and vanity:
They know how oft the wither'd cheek demands
The bloom of youthful roses from their hands,
How oft the dead dim eye demands the ray
Of fires extinct, alas! for many a day;
And he who carries dulness in his face
Expects expression, liveliness, and grace.
He who does suit and service with his art,
To these, at best, but acts a servile part,

The nurse of folly: yet less guilty far
Than those convenient tools (if such there are,
As rugged Barry seems to hint) who lend'
Their rooms for meetings with a private friend.

'*F.* Mere surliness in Barry, spleen in you—
Nay, if this rude invective you pursue,
Music, that heavenly art, whose pleasing sway
At once the cruel and the mild obey;
Music, that sternest, fiercest souls, has tam'd,
Music itself will hardly pass unblam'd.

'*A.* You think me of my censures too profuse;—
'Tis not the art itself, but its abuse
That I condemn. Is there no food for rage
In the perverting spirit of the age,
When the great masters of the moving lyre,
Whose pow'rs sublimest feelings might inspire,
Charm the rapt sense no more? for Handel's song,
All various, lofty, plaintive, sweet, or strong,
Of pow'r to give to softest sadness birth,
Or lift the soul above the scenes of earth;
For the rich sweetness of Corelli's strain,
For Purcel's magic, lo, a quavering train,
Who place all music in the dexterous skill
Of high bravura, neat shake, or smooth trill;
These swarm in all our concerts, fill the stage,
And gain loud plaudits from a stupid age.'

In these lines, as in the rest of the poem, we observe great incorrectness; and, a creditable degree of vigour, the author fails to please, because his style of versification is unformed, and he has not caught the art of thinking poetically. Perhaps, also, Satire is not his proper vein; and the best that we can say in favour of this piece is that it is short: but we can make no apology for the notes. Thirteen pages of *notes* to twenty-three pages of rhime! "Out upon it."

A poem in blank-verse succeeds, intitled *An Evening in the Vale of Festiniog*. We shall give a specimen of the author's talent for description, which deserves commendation:

'Sure 'twere a blessed lot, here, in this vale,
To loiter in sweet sadness, so the prime
Of Nature and of spring might fill the soul
With their delicious incense; or to sit,
Defended from the heat of summer suns,
By the cool shade of interposing boughs,
And taste the roving breeze——Yet not alone
To its fresh breathings and reviving balm
Would I commit myself.——And one I know,
One gentle maid, whose mild and peaceful soul
Is sway'd and temper'd by the very hand

Of

Of softness and complacency; her heart
True and obedient to the touch divine
Of Nature, and alive to every thrill
That flows from her pure influence, would own
Her magic in this vale—O gentle maid!
Oh, were it granted to my longing sight
Hither to see thee bend thy graceful steps,
To watch the rising gladness of thine eyes,
The mild effusion of that chasten'd ray
That dawns with humid lustre, like the beam
Of dewy morn pour'd on the silent breast
Of the still waters! —— Yes—in thought I see
Thy kindling eye, I see the joy that dwells
In all thy inward thoughts, that speaks, display'd
In every feature; while the playful breeze,
Fanning aside thy dark-brown locks, reveals
Thy polish'd forehead, tranquil, and serene,
The mansion of no frown: thy dark-brown locks,
Uplifted by the breeze, in gentle waves
Float on the dazzling snow of thy fair neck,
Blending its lucid white with lightest veil
Of pearly shade: I see thy rosy mouth,
Parted by such a smile as angels wear,
And thy soft cheek, suffus'd with all the glow
Of health and rapture; while, entranc'd, thine eye
Drinks the bright prospect——Oh, that thou indeed
Wast present with me!—Thou hast learn'd to look
On these things with no idle ken; thy mind
Has long regarded a free intercourse
With Nature's voice as the unfailing stay
And guardian of thy feelings, as the rock,
The shield, and anchor of thy purest joys.
And therefore art thou happy—And thy mind
Is stored with sweet and pleasant images,
And made the habitation of those charms
Which thou hast seen and felt; and after-days
Shall see thee feeding on the blissful thoughts
Which thou hast treasur'd in thy memory.'

The *Forest Fay* displays considerable fancy, and is composed in stanzas, with more ease and happiness than either of the former poems. It reminds us, however, of Drayton's Fairy, and of Mrs. Radcliffe's Song of the Spirit.

We next meet with *Verses to the Power of Fancy*, written in quatrains, to which we cannot afford much praise.

Our mental palates are then presented with a course of *Sonnets*, a dish on which we have long been surfeited.—Here we have the usual seasoning; *wild woods*, *silver streams*, *blue hills*, and *evening suns*; in spite of all which, the writer chooses to be completely miserable,—and so, in course, are his readers.

The

The verses to *Lydia* appear to be imitated, with considerable success, from Metastasio's celebrated Ode (*the Indifferent*), "*Grazie all' inganni tuoi,*" &c.

The Ivy-Seat has too much of the whining affectedly simple manner which we have taken some pains to expose in other writers.

Among several small pieces which follow, we distinguished the lines

'TO A FRIEND REMONSTRATING.

'Ah! chide me not if yet once more
I seek that love long sought in vain;
Nor blame me if, while I adore,
My vows are answer'd with disdain.

'Yes, I confess 'tis poor, 'tis weak
To droop, to sit with folded arms,
To bear a fever in my cheek,
And sorrow for an ingrate's charms.

'Yet let me still my cares retain,
Still droop, with folded arms still sigh;
Nor mock me that I still remain
The willing captive of her eye.

'For Love, with all his keenest smart
Divine enchantment mingles still;
And, while he fires the conquer'd heart,
He charms with many a pleasing thrill.

'And tortur'd thus, thus doom'd to mourn,
I still must feed this cherish'd grief,
And could my peace once more return,
My heart would scorn the poor relief.

'Then chide me not, if yet once more
I seek that love long sought in vain;
Nor blame me if, while I adore,
My vows are answer'd with disdain.'

Also;

'TO A LADY SINGING.

'O, can that heart untouch'd remain
By all Love's pleasures, all Love's pain,
When, while thou sing'st another's woes,
Thy cheek with deeper crimson glows;
When, as thou wak'st the feeling strain,
Through every clear translucent vein
That strays amid thy forehead's snow
The streams of life more swiftly flow;
When, mix'd with many a passion'd sigh,
Upon thy lips the accents die;
When sweeter languors, softer dews,
Those twin bright orbs of light suffuse?

'And

'And I have seen thy bosom's snow
Throb with the luxury of woe;
And I have mark'd th' impassion'd glance
That speaks the soul's delicious trance;
And felt the poison of thine eye;
And drank the magic of thy sigh.
And, as the sweet infection stole
Through all my veins, and fir'd my soul,
I wish'd one timid glance might tell
How deep I felt the subtile spell.
Then, Lady, sing of love again;
And while thou wak'st the feeling strain,
While, mix'd with many a passion'd sigh,
Upon thy lips the accents die,
And while again thy bosom's snow
Throbs with the luxury of woe,
O, pour on me the thrilling glance
That speaks the soul's delicious trance.—
And if I dare one look to steal.
That look shall tell thee all I feel;
And, Lady, then thine alter'd eye
Shall feed my hopes, or bid them die.'

The poem on *a First View of the World* is written in rhyme, and possesses nearly the same qualities, good and evil, which appear in *the Apology for Writing.*—'*The Delusions of Love,*' in two parts, are sung in blank verse; presenting many good lines, but wanting the high polish that is requisite to excite interest on a subject which has long exhausted every resource of genius and taste.

The *Comparison* (of Woman to the Moon) is not very happily executed: we were *weary of this moon, and wished it to change.*

Some *Elegiac Stanzas*, founded (we presume) on a real incident, similar to the Elegy in Shenstone on the Result of a Licentious Amour, deserve to be kindly treated, on account of their moral: but their versification is heavy.

The *Fisherman's Wife* is a burlesque on the false taste which has produced a cant of pretended simplicity, but real dulness.

The *Norwegian Hunter* closes the volume; and with this short piece we shall conclude our extracts:

'Where no warm breeze e'er bade to flow
The heights of Dofrine's stubborn snow,
Where scarce a sun-beam cheers the day,
The hardy hunter seeks his prey.
While round his pine-built cabin roars
Each storm that varying winter pours,
He, fearless, from the mountain's brow
Or marks the clouds that roll below,

Or lists the din of storms that beat
With ceaseless rage beneath his feet.

' But oft from some projecting steep
Th' impetuous winds long-sapping sweep
A waste of snow.—With thund'ring bound
Down rushes fast the gathering mound,
O'er crags, o'er pines it drives amain
With hideous crash, and whelms the plain.

' The Hunter only 'scapes—his way
He took at early dawn of day,
Brav'd the keen blast and drifting snow,
To chase the elk or bounding roe—
At eve, fatigued, he quits the plain,
And seeks his peaceful cot again;
Bethinks him of the fire that burns
To cheer his home when he returns;
Anticipates his children's smiles,
His wife's caresses; and beguiles
With soothing thoughts his dreary way.
The toils, the pleasures of the day
Already he prepares to tell
To those with whom his rapt thoughts dwell;
Already he in thought beholds
The cot that all his treasure holds,
And thinks he sees his children raise
Their little hands, he sees them gaze
With wonder on the beamy horn,
From the elk's lofty forehead torn.
———— Ah wretch! no more thy eyes shall see
Thy much lov'd cot—No more for thee
At eve the cheerful fire shall burn
To welcome thee at thy return—
Ah, wretch! for thee no more the smile
Of thy dear children shall beguile
The tedious hours, nor shall the care
Of thy fond wife again prepare
The simple meal, nor o'er thy bed
The soft fur of the rein-deer spread.—
All that was lovely to thine eyes
O'erwhelm'd in one sad ruin lies;
And oft, in midnight's awful gloom,
When thou revolv'st their early doom,
Thy fears shall bid before thine eyes
Spirits of other worlds arise;
And voices as of those so dear
Shall shriek upon thy startled ear.'

These poems certainly discover some fire, and some power of expression. If a second edition should be demanded, we earnestly recommend to the author a steady application of the file;

file; and an endeavour, in all parts of his book, to do better, even where he may at present conceive, and most readers will allow, that he has done well.

Fer.

ART. VII. *Sermons on various Subjects,* preached at the Octagon Chapel, Bath. By the Rev. John Gardiner, D. D. 8vo. pp. 406. 8s. Boards. Hatchard.

"LAUGH where you must, be candid where you can," is the poet's rule, and we see no good reason for exempting the pulpit from its operation. Though Dr. Gardiner has too much good sense to subject himself to ridicule, he very charitably espouses the cause of his brethren who may unfortunately stand in this predicament. He enters his protest against giving ludicrous and ironical accounts of sermons, or parts of sermons, because 'the object may be not to increase knowlege but to excite derision.' Are sermons, however, such sacred compositions, that nothing but solemn criticism must approach them? If preachers discover 'a total want of discernment, of judgment, of taste,' and, we may add, of propriety and decorum, are we still bound to preserve our gravity, and to speak of their performances without a smile? The better rule, we think, is to allow, *without benefit of clergy,* that whatever is ridiculous may be ridiculed. The sermons and prayers of Baal's prophets were attacked by Elijah with ridicule and irony; and the sermons and prayers of the ministers of the true religion, if, through a total want of discretion, they abound with the ludicrous and absurd, may be fairly treated in the same way. In the punning and witty age of preaching, laughing in church was often unavoidable; and when ministers degraded themselves into punsters and low humourists, they excited the smile of the vulgar, and the contempt of the man of taste. Their witticisms, at the present day, are objects of our derision; and if any individuals were to attempt the revival of the same mode of preaching, they ought to receive no quarter either seriously or sarcastically. Dr. G. seems to condemn 'the ludicrous account of an absurd part of a sermon, because its object is not to increase the knowlege of the hearer:' but he should have considered that, as far as it may tend to improve his taste, and to correct excentricities in the discourses of the sacred orator, such representations may be beneficial.

We have been induced to offer these observations in consequence of a remark which occurs in this volume, not as preparative to a string of ludicrous criticisms on Dr. Gardiner's sermons. He affords us no occasion nor inducement of this kind,

but is uniformly grave, and preserves a dignity and decorum becoming his clerical profession. The general style of his sermons is plain and nervous; and his addresses are animated and persuasive. As a divine, his creed is in a manner prescribed; as a politician, his sentiments have an accordance with the principles of the Constitution; and as an inculcator of religious and moral duties, he adverts to the laws of Nature and to the laws of God.

The subjects of his discourses are; The Government of France and England contrasted; The Superiority of the Gospel Evidence of a Future State; On Ridicule in regard to Religion; On the present and future Consequences of Sin; On the Heavenly Life of the Christian; On Gratitude for signal Victories and National Deliverances; On the Insufficiency of Natural Religion; The Lord's Supper a Means of advancing in Holiness; On Patience in Affliction; On the Nature and Necessity of Zeal; on the Errors and Abuses of it; and on the Means of acquiring and increasing it; Injuries from Men considered as proceeding from God; and, On the Dispositions requisite for studying and receiving the Truth.

At the commencement, our attention is directed to a political rather than to a religious discussion; the first sermon having been preached on the fast-day of the year 1793, and professing to contrast the Governments of France and England. At that period, party differences ran high, and the atrocities committed by the pretended friends of liberty gave a transient fashion even to despotism itself. While Dr. Gardiner, however, expresses his detestation of the French Revolutionists, he does not forget the history of his own country in its struggles for liberty, nor renounce the principles of the British Constitution:

'There was a period, when our ancestors, like other uncivilized tribes, groaned under the yoke of despotism. Slavery and superstition pervaded the whole of society. It was not till after repeated struggles, after ignominious defeats and triumphant victories—the people sometimes trespassing on the power of the Prince, the Prince trampling on the rights of the people—it was not, I say, till after catastrophes the most melancholy and alarming, that the latter gained the ascendancy, and established the security of civil and religious freedom.

'The concessions obtained from a pusillanimous Sovereign, comprehended under the emphatick title of *Magna Charta*, were no doubt highly to be valued—but still they were insufficient and incomplete. This celebrated deed, called the bulwark of English liberty, conferred, it is true, new privileges and immunities on certain individuals—the barons, the clergy and principal merchants—that is, on those who before participated in the regal power; but the great bulk of mankind, the inferior orders of society, were still in a state of vas-

salage, subject to various grievances, and could claim but little or no protection from the law. It was not till towards the close of the last century, at the glorious Revolution, that stipulations were made, and a form of Government was defined, which had for its object the liberty and independence of the whole body of the people. Enabled to chuse their own Prince, they wisely prescribed their own terms. They had their rights properly investigated and ascertained, their privileges fully established. At this grand epoch, a work, the fruit of wisdom and maturing age, received its completion. The various powers of the complicated machine were duly balanced, so as to give energy and stability to the whole. The King, Lords, and Commons, have ever since kept a watchful and jealous eye over the encroachments of each other—and have mutually co-operated towards the liberty and safety of the subject, and the prosperity and aggrandizement of the State.

'It is this system of mixed Government, my brethren, peculiar to this highly favoured isle, that dispenses the most solid advantages around us—to enter into a short detail of which may not, I hope, at this crisis, be an unpleasant or unprofitable task. Our persons, free from molestation and controul, are subject to no grievance nor oppression, can receive no injury nor insult, but for which the law provides redress. No forcible detention or imprisonment of them can be authorised, but what the benefit of society demands to satisfy the just claims of honest creditors. No violent death, exile, nor corporal punishment can be inflicted, but what is sanctioned by the decision of our equals—and that, after the most clear and positive evidence, delivered in the face of the whole world, and proving that from a violation of the Laws of our country, we have forfeited all claim to their protection. Further, no boundaries are assigned to those talents and endowments of the mind which nature has given us, but what nature herself has set. The road to dignities and preferments is alike open to all. A laudable ambition is never checked in its career—and every day we see persons of ignoble origin, by the splendour of their genius and eminence of their virtues, occupy the most honourable and most lucrative offices of the State.'

After having given a farther detail of our civil and religious privileges, Dr. G. endeavours to describe the state of France; and, in adverting to the melancholy fate of Louis XVI., he refuses to admit that this case has an exact parallel in our own history. 'In point of inhumanity and injustice, (he says,) the one disappears before the other,—the differences between them are striking indeed. In the case of our *Charles*, direct violations of the people's rights were proved to have been committed, wilful acts of usurpation were attempted to be justified, regular armies, struggling on the one hand for liberty and on the other for prerogative, were drawn into the field,—long and obstinate battles were fought, and the blood of friends and relations slain stimulated an infatuated people to fury and revenge.' Indig-

nant as Dr. G. is against the French who imbrued their hands in the blood of their sovereign, he does not 'insinuate that the old French Government was not radically defective, or that the rights of man, properly understood, did not demand in it amelioration and reform:' but he wishes to guard his hearers against crude and visionary systems, and to impress their minds with a conviction of our many blessings, that we may not thoughtlessly risk their subversion.

Passing to the consideration of Dr. G. as a theologian, we must take some notice of his remarks on the Evidences of a Future State. Here he does not reject the natural arguments, as they are termed, but only evinces the superiority of the Evidence of the Gospel. He reprobates that extreme which represents Reason as incapable, by itself, of discovering any salutary truth, and man in his natural state as destitute of all sound judgment; for he justly observes that, if this were the case, it would be folly to attempt to instruct or convert the Heathens. It is allowed that, in a certain respect, they knew God, and had some perception of a future state; far inferior, however, to the light which was communicated by the Gospel.

Divines are more agreed respecting the degree of knowlege possessed by the Heathen on the article of a Future State, than on that which was revealed to the antient Jews. Much argument may be adduced to countenance Dr. Warburton's opinion on this subject; and even those who espouse the opposite side are obliged to own, that their faith was founded on no express promise or declaration of Moses.

'There was no detail, no explanation on the nature of a future happiness, no description of the circumstances attending it. These were to be inferred by reasoning on this complex principle—that since the Almighty calls himself the *God* of those departed in the faith, and that he is not the *God of the dead but of the living*, hereafter the righteous issuing from the dust will acquire a new life in body and soul to be happy for ever. Moreover, it is a fact that to whatever degree many of the Jews may have raised their hopes on this subject, the Sect of the *Sadducees* true *Epicureans* or Atheists had prevailed and taken root in the nation, had crept even into the Sanctuary, and every where met with so much encouragement and support, as to be of the first order in Church and State—persons however not believing the immateriality of the soul, and consequently not its immortal life. The *Pharisees* themselves from the authority of *Josephus*, who was one of that Sect, were accused of espousing the absurd doctrine of *Pythagoras*, that the souls of men migrated for an indefinite time from one body to another—thus shewing themselves more inclined to the vain speculations of Philosophers, than to this instruction of the wisest of Kings, *the dust shall return to the earth and the spirit unto God who gave it.*'

Hence

Hence it is inferred that

'Without revelation all the hopes of mankind were little better than chimeras, and that before Jesus Christ, the most enlightened and best informed stood in need of a more abundant portion of light to be able to expect absolutely an eternal state of happiness in body and soul after death.—Now this brilliant light is what St. Paul announces in my text, and which he extols in exclaiming, *Jesus Christ has brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.*'

Dr. G. speaks of the doctrine of the Atonement as 'consoling and fundamental;' and he represents our Saviour, when expiring on the ignominious tree, as suffering 'torments equivalent to all those which sin deserved:' yet he asserts the eternity of hell torments; a doctrine which cannot be maintained, on this ground, consistently with the divine justice. We are inclined to believe that, with many clergymen, he has not sufficiently examined these subjects; and that he adduces the arguments arising from the future judgments of God, for moral purposes, rather than as topics of close and accurate investigation; wishing (to employ his own words) 'to snatch sinners from the fire of hell, by means of the fire itself.'

The sermon on 'the Heavenly Life of the Christian' is excellent, as it explains 'the marvellous art of putting the stamp of Heaven on transactions the most common and least important on earth.'

In the discourse on Patience, this virtue is defined to consist 'in regulating properly our sensibility in regard to temporal evils and misfortunes;' and many judicious observations are made to elucidate its principles, and to assist us in the practice of it. As a short specimen, we extract the conclusion:

'Patience is a duty which we are called to practise frequently every day. It is an art for the apprenticeship of which a whole life is not too long.—We are in a world where all our expectations are never satisfied; where we frequently meet with events contrary to our wishes; where these wishes are never accomplished soon enough for us, and where every hour may be productive of grievous disasters. After the example of *St. Paul*, then, let us bring *our body and will into subjection*, and let us put on the whole armour necessary to support such conflicts. Parents, inculcate early in your children this virtue by the most suitable methods, that you may spare them hereafter many chagrins; and what is of more consequence, guard them against many sins. From the same motives let us all be inclined to practise whatever may help to strengthen it in us. Let us learn to deny ourselves occasionally, or at least postpone for a time certain pleasures although innocent. Let us learn when we are agitated to fix our attention on other objects, and *keep our mouth as it were with a bridle*—and all this that the will may have more and more influence over our sensibility, and that the latter may not hurry away affec-

tions brought under the yoke of religion. Then we need not doubt that this our attention to little things will contribute much to render us *faithful* in great ones; that by cultivating carefully and steadily this excellent fruit of the spirit *patience*, we may go from strength to strength, we may be able by degrees (the fervent prayers we address at the same time to God being heard) we may be able to drink the bitterest cup should he think it proper for us, if not with as much resignation as our divine Master and perfect model, at least in adopting heartily his language—*Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour, but for this cause came I unto this hour—Father, glorify thy name, not what I will but what thou wilt!'*

The remarks on Zeal, and especially on its errors and abuses, are not less judicious than those on Patience: but for these we must refer to the volume. Indeed, we have been obliged to pass over several sermons, on which we had made notes during perusal, because our space will not admit of farther enlargement: nor is it necessary to the appreciation of the merit of Dr. G. as a preacher.—The volume is not very correctly printed: but the author has been extremely attentive in acknowleging the hints and ideas borrowed from other writers. The temper of his mind appears to be well regulated; and his liberal and candid sentiments, especially on the mode of prosecuting religious controversies, are highly creditable. Mo-y.

ART. VIII. *Facts and Observations relative to Sheep, Wool, Ploughs, and Oxen:* In which the Importance of improving the short-woolled Breeds by a Mixture of the Merino Blood is deduced from actual Practice. Together with some Remarks on the Advantages which have been derived from the Use of Salt. By John Lord Somerville. 8vo. pp. 137. 4s. sewed, Miller. 1803.

NOBLEMEN and Gentlemen of property derive, from their education, their rank, and their opulence, the means of very important and extensive utility; and they never reflect more true dignity on their situation, than when they are sedulously employed in beneficial undertakings, and in displaying examples of active, patriotic virtue. That sacred code, which we profess to reverence as divine, and which we are so strenuous in defending against the slanders of Infidelity, represents those gifts, we will not say *of Fortune*, but *of Providence*, by which certain individuals obtain a supereminent station in Society, as improvable Talents, imposing on the occupiers the most solemn duties. It is happy for the individual, and for the community, whenever this obligation is felt; and if we cannot so far compliment the morals of the great, in present times, as to pronounce this to be generally the case, we have always

always a peculiar satisfaction in contemplating the characters of some among our nobles, who, instead of wasting life in indolent luxury or "riotous living," mark their existence by continual traits of public spirit, and labour to become the benefactors of their fellow-creatures. To be Great, and to be Great in vain, is a reflection which no mind truly noble can endure.

We need not ask Lord Somerville's approbation of the sentiment which we have just pronounced; he has been alive to its influence; and he is intitled to the veneration of his countrymen, for exertions directed to their immediate benefit. He appears in the work before us as a practical Philosopher in the most useful of occupations; and, like a true philosopher, he enforces his doctrine by experiments. His knowlege is the fruit of application and observation; and he is less attentive to the graces of diction, than to the production of Facts by which his statements are confirmed.

Sheep form the first subject of this lecture; and hence we learn that his Lordship disapproves of the *rage* which has prevailed for the large breed of sheep, and recommends a race formed by a mixture of the Merino blood with the Southdown or Rye and. The great majority of the public are interested in this advice; for the excessively coarse and fat mutton, which has been lately brought to market, cannot be calculated for the general class of house-keepers. Grass and other sheep food is wasted by making the animal disgustingly fat; and if it can be shewn that it is as much for the interest of the farmer as for that of the public at large to effect a change in this system, we trust that it will be generally abandoned. The present work is partly written with this view:

'It is to be lamented, (says Lord S.,) that we are such slaves to size, and that the eye can hardly resist it. A medium is more desirable; but if extremes are to be admitted, without a doubt the small sheep, fine in grain, is a more marketable commodity. The rich will have it, because its quality is superior; in short, because it eats better; the poor man will find its joints more adapted to the strength of his purse; and the dearer meat is to be, the more this argument applies; for legs and shoulders of mutton cannot conveniently be cut, and retailed in pieces. There remained, then, but the manufacturer, the mechanic, and the middle class of housekeeper, to prefer coarse-grained meat; so we reasoned when we first sent this Ryeland mutton to market; but these were the very people who greedily bought it at a penny per pound advance in price, and that, too, in a manufacturing district. But we are told that sailors, colliers, and keelmen, are sure customers for these over-fat joints; so they are, and long may they enjoy them! Fresh meat is fresh meat, to a man coming from sea, but if he stays long in harbour, and were once to break

pale,

pale, and get a taste of better mutton, perhaps it would be no easy matter to bring him back again. We are told, too, that coarse fat mutton is best for salting; mutton is not at all well suited to this purpose; beef and pork take salt better. If men are to be kept on salt meat, be it so; if they are to live on mutton, let that be good in quality. One of the first cutting-butchers in London has often been heard to say, that he could not afford to buy fat coarse-grained sheep; for that, besides the loss in spine fat, which he was obliged to cut from roasting joints, there was not lean enough to support the fat, which therefore roasted away; and that so long as meat bears a better price than tallow, so long he must deal in South-downs, and sheep of that description. We have said thus much, because false arguments are too often used to enforce adoption of heavy sheep, in districts ill suited to them.'

By the united testimony of experienced agriculturists, it is confirmed that more dependence is to be placed on the race of animals, than we may be at first aware; and that the Merino breed preserves its properties in different climates and situations. Lord S. makes long extracts from M. Lasteyrie's *Histoire de l'Introduction des Moutons à Laine fine d'Espagne, dans les divers Etats de l'Europe*, &c. (see the Appendix to our last Vol. p. 513.) in order to urge the liberal naturalization of this breed; and he adduces his own experience, with that of Dr. Parry, to prove the advantages which may be derived from an admixture of Merino blood with some of our native breeds. We are informed 'that Mr. Tollet, a member of the Bath Society, from a knowlege of its value, and an anxious desire to disseminate every where this celebrated breed, has been led into classical researches as to its origin. 'He thinks it may be traced from Asia Minor and Greece into Italy; from thence, probably into Spain. Columella, and other writers, call them "Tarentine sheep," from the city of Tarentum.'

The experiments made by Lord S, were made on a scale sufficiently large, and in such a diversity of situation as may almost be allowed to decide the point:

'The flock consists of 340 breeding ewes, and the whole produce, at two years old, is fatted off, with the exception of such draft ewes as may be sold for stores; consequently, the number of the sheep is from 1000 to 1200; a scale not of the largest, but still large enough with safety to warrant any inference that may be drawn. The lambs are dropt in the vale of Taunton, and continue in it during the first summer. The store flock is summered a short distance from thence, on the hills before mentioned, bordering on Exmoor Forest. The contrast of climate must be remarkable, because there is a difference in the time of harvest of a month: our feeding sheep are then grazed in the exposed but rich marsh of Bridgewater, long celebrated for its good beef and fat oxen; or finished in turnips and winter vetches in the vale. We had reason to fear, in either case, that the strength of

keep

keep might open the pile, and give a coarseness to the wool, as well as to the grain of meat; but the event has destroyed such fears, insomuch that we had no scruple in sending some wether lambs to winter in the marsh, using the precaution to cott them during the severe winter months; and although this land had the character of being too strong, and of scouring lambs, even to the danger of losing them, we found the mixed breed able to endure it, and thrive surprisingly. Whether as an article of food for those, who are robust; or those, who are delicate, even at the early age of 18 months, when mutton is usually thought indifferent; it is nutritious and exquisite in flavour. There is a firmness in the spine fat; a richness and deep colour in the gravy; and a fine texture and tenderness in the grain, which must command customers, and ensure to this breed the good will of butchers, wherever they may be situated. There are two parties to be considered; the seller and the purchaser.'

As the quantity of good mutton and wool produceable per acre must govern the conduct of the farmer, the noble author points out the advantages of the small breed over the larger; and, in order to prevent all doubt respecting the specific object of his recommendation, he adds:

'The question having of late been repeatedly asked, What proportion of the Merino blood it would be advisable to bring into the South-down breed with advantage? my answer has been, One quarter, only, provided the outward semblance and character of the South-down is intended to be preserved; the Ryeland being a white faced sheep, assimilates with the Merino more readily, and will bear one half, or even more.'

That animal is certainly a most valuable acquisition, which produces at once the finest wool and excellent flesh; and no defect in exterior beauty should prevent its becoming a favourite. Some improvement in the shape may be obtained: but, if the question lies simply between the eye and the pocket, the farmer will in time learn how to decide. Let him ponder on this statement:

'South-down and Merino ewes, of the half blood, at four pounds a fleece clean washed, and at three shillings a pound, will amount to twelve shillings each fleece, which, at seven and a half per acre for seven months, amount to four pounds ten shillings per acre for the pasture land, with turnips for winter keep. The store ewes of Ryeland and Merino half blood, at ten per acre for seven months, and turnips in proportion as above, at three pounds and a quarter each fleece, at three shillings and two-pence per pound, or ten shillings and three pence halfpenny a fleece, amounts to six pounds ten and five-pence per acre.'

Some important observations are subjoined on the use of salt. It has been known to have been infused or sprinkled on hay, when putting together in stacks, with good effect; and to have

have a power of recovering the virtue of flooded mouldy hay. Borrowing the practice of Spain, Lord Somerville recommends it in sheep feeding. To encourage its use in this country, on account of the high duty on it,

'A Gentleman who farms near Tewkesbury in Gloucestershire, "caused 12 lbs. of chalk to be kneaded in water, saturated with salt. This paste, being put in a trough, and dried in the oven, is placed in one of the racks, to prevent the sheep from soiling it; to this, when in the fold, they have constant access, and I believe they have received from it every benefit, that could be wished; they lick it constantly, and the lambs shew an uncommon partiality for it."

'When turnips in the early season are stocked with sheep, and the greens rank and strong, many die suddenly, more especially young two-tooth sheep. The disorder is a pent-up wind, occasioned by excess of fermentation in the stomach; here salted hay and salt are devoured with a greediness, that denotes their salutary effect. The autumn of 1801 was rainy and unfavourable, yet we did not lose one sheep in turnips, and probably never shall, whilst we persevere in the use of salt. In that of 1802 we had many hundred fat wethers, gales, and hog sheep in turnips, and lost about two during the first month the turnips were stocked; the chances were, that in any keep, and in any season, of such a flock more might have died.

'In strong pastures likewise, when seasons are wet, the rot often spreads destruction over whole tracts of country: here salt must be beneficial, and an object of national importance.'

If salt should be found to give that vigour and stimulus to the stomach of sheep which will prevent the rot, we should suppose that few shepherds would abstain from its use.

For the employment of Oxen in agriculture in preference to Horses, Lord S. has already shewn himself a strenuous advocate. He here pursues the subject, contending for 'the possibility of cultivating the greater part of our land by the very animals which we must breed as an article of food, and which do not consume a grain of the corn which they are the means of producing, to the exclusion of other animals, whose chief nourishment is corn, and whose flesh is perfectly useless.' Fearing lest the account of his own practice with oxen should not be sufficiently convincing, Lord S. subjoins the following calculation:

'How many millions of money have been expended in procuring corn by importation, within the last four years, and how cruelly thousands of our fellow subjects have suffered from the want of bread, need not here be urged, for the occurrence is too fresh in every memory; but we are bound to repeat what has before been advanced, and without contradiction; that taking the number of heavy cart-horses at 500,000, which probably comes far short of the actual number; and admitting 200,000, from local circumstances, to be useful, the remaining 300,000 totally superfluous: the latter consume

sume at the rate of one peck of corn per day for nine months in the twelve, 63 bushels per annum, which nearly equals 36 bushels of wheat, equal to the average bread of seven persons during the whole year, whereby it cannot be denied that 300,000 cart-horses consume the bread-corn of two millions one hundred thousand persons; which, admitting the population to be ten million of persons, (Ireland not included,) is more than a fifth part of the whole, and a loss of more than ten weeks' consumption of the whole; and which cannot have cost much less than twenty millions of money.'

The remarks on the construction and working of Ploughs are judicious; and, though we cannot enter into a particular description of the improvements made in them by Lord S., and for which he has obtained a patent, we can assure our readers that their utility is abundantly manifested.

On the whole, this work does honour to Lord Somerville as a liberal and spirited agriculturist. He endeavours to promote the science by premiums, by instruction, by his practice as a cultivator, and by his activity as an author. We are so desirous of forwarding such truly meritorious intentions, that we have allotted a larger space to this publication than its size might seem to demand.

Moy.

ART. IX. *War Elegies.* By Joseph Fawcett, Author of Civilized War, a Poem, and other Poems. 8vo. pp. 79. 3s. sewed. Johnson.

HAD these poems been published anonymously, we might have taken them up with an expectation of finding them adapted to the martial ardour of the day: but the name of Fawcett secured us from such a mistake. A greater abhorrence of war was never expressed by any human being, than by this writer in his former publication, first intitled, "The Art of War," and afterward (at our suggestion), "Civilized War*:" but, not satisfied with having given the most lively and affecting delineations of the general and extensive calamities attendant on national contests, Mr. Fawcett has endeavoured in the present Elegies to divide his large picture into parts, and to exhibit in distinct portraits and compartments the separate scenes and figures of which the horrid aggregate is composed. We have now, therefore, a reprobation of War in detail; or the indignation of a poet, possessed of great sensibility and of the most amiable morality, poured forth on each of its detached forms;—and since it is well known that pictures of individual distress touch the soul more powerfully than the best wrought descriptions

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* See Rev. Vol. xviii. N. S. p. 258. and Vol. xxviii. p. 268.

of

of general misery, these compositions may be expected to make an impression on hearts which are not systematized to stone.

At the present moment, indeed, when, on the pure principle of self-defence, which the most correct morals must justify, we are called to convert "our plough-shares into swords, and our sickles into spears," it may seem unpatriotic to advert to the horrors which move in the train of War*: yet it may not be improper, even while the ambitious and malignant designs of the enemy force this evil on us, to advert to the complicated mischiefs which it entails on human life; in order that every valiant defender of his country may cherish the love of peace, while he fights for it and for its sister blessing *Liberty*; and may comfort himself amid the rigid discipline and bloody pursuits of war, by anticipating the happy hour in which they shall be exchanged for the unrestrained intercourse, the fearless avocations, and the sweet amities of life.

Mr. Fawcett's object is to condemn the *system of war*, as adopted by civilized nations. In the notes, he expresses himself on this topic with more energy, if possible, than in his poem.

'What a monster of moral mischief (says he) must War appear to every mind of the smallest reflection and feeling! At the conclusion of a campaign, we calculate the lives that have been lost: but who shall compute the hearts that have been hardened, and the characters that have been corrupted? We make correct returns of the killed and wounded: could we as accurately draw up lists of the morals slain and mutilated, how much would the horrour of the humane observer of this scourge of mankind be heightened!

'O ye cold, cabineted authors of this voluminous calamity, this universe of ill! to whatever heights ye be exalted, or however sanctified by the suffrage of Prejudice your sanguinary practices may be; I will dare to lift up my voice to tell you, that, not only all the blood you have authorized the sword to spill, but all the souls that have been ruined in the savage seminaries you have opened for them, shall hereafter be required at your hands!'

We wish that the most ambitious man in Europe could be stung to remorse by this apostrophe: but our hopes are not very sanguine.—Mr. F. consoles himself by prophetic visions of futurity, and anticipates a state of society established on different principles from those which prevail at present, even during what is now termed a period of Peace.

'In these days of fashionable despair of the final amendment of human manners, I am not ashamed to own myself of the number of those reputed enthusiasts, who look forward to fairer times. I am

* The date of this work, in the title, is 1801: but it has not long reached our hands.

free to confess, that my hopes, as well as wishes, point to a state of peace, far other than any which has yet borne the beautiful name; which has indeed been little more than inactive war; an armed, although a quiet scene; a season of calm, in a system of society containing all the materials of tempest and principles of storm; a motley picture, at variance with itself, of national civility and jealousy, rest and insecurity, amity and rivalship; of steel wiped from its slaughterous stain, but retaining its slaughterous shape; of arms, put off by their wearers only to be reposited in arsenals; of forts, whose thunder is hushed, but that still threaten in silence with frowning battlements; of fleets and armies ceasing from murderous action, but maintained in proud existence, and bearing the venerable name of ESTABLISHMENTS; and of garments, though no longer "rolled in blood," continuing to be worn, with undiminished ornament, as the gay badge of barbarous occupation.

'I contemplate, in my prospect of futurity, a scene of peace, that shall exhibit to the satisfied friend of his species, not merely inactive, but exploded arms; a state, in which swords shall be returned, not to the scabbard, but the anvil; a peace, not born of negotiation and formality, ushered with noisy proclamation and adorned with gaudy parade, but silently proceeding from attachment to human happiness, and abhorrence of human contention; a peace, whose security shall be the innocence of society, whose guarantee, the philanthropy of nations, and whose olive-branch, extended over the HEARTS of mankind, shall *realise* that eternity of its duration, which has hitherto been nothing more than an idle expletive in the language of treaties.

'To contribute my mite to the ultimate attainment of this temper in human life, is the design of what I have before, and what I now offer to the attention of the public, on this subject.'

Most readers will apply the term enthusiastic to the author's views: but, as his enthusiasm is of a truly amiable kind, it is intitled to indulgence; especially since it is not unsanctioned by certain expressions of sacred prophecy.

The subjects of these Elegies are; The Battle, The Siege, Famine, Victory, The Mourning Maid, The Despairing Mother, Winter, The Recruit, The Impress, The Soldier's School, and The Penitent. By this enumeration, we were immediately prepared for a recurrence of many of the same thoughts and reflections which abounded in the poem on "Civilized War." Indeed, the first two pieces, the *Battle* and the *Siege*, in as much as they contain general descriptions, partake of the nature of the large poem, though they are conveyed in a different measure.

In giving a specimen of these Elegies, we quote the fifth, as being best accommodated to our narrow limits:

'THE

THE MOURNING MAID.

'Say, faded maid, why thy pale beauty wears,
In gloomy contrast, that dark suit of woe;
And why, with lavish gush, thy frequent tears
That little painted semblance thus o'erflow.

'Why rov'st thou sad beneath the willows' shade,
Whose down-cast boughs these lonely waters lave?
And why, as oft thy wand'ring foot is staid,
View'st thou, with wishful gaze, the fatal wave?

'Lo, 'tis the blooming morning of the year!
Lo, blander suns light up the glorious sky!
O'er all the glowing fields the flowers appear,
And new-clad woods swell beauteous on the eye!

'Tis Nature's revel! all her works rejoice!
Gay laughs the landscape, all that lives is gay!
Light bound the flocks! the birds exalt their voice!
And all things shout, and bless delightful May!

'Join the gay jubilee of Earth and skies,
And let thine heart to rapture tune its strings!
Why from thy lips thus flow dissentient sighs,
While all around exulting Nature sings?

"Go, talk of spring to other ears than mine!
Insulted sorrow loathes the wanton scene:
'Tis nought to me, that suns more kindly shine,
That skies are azure, or that fields are green.

"Alike to me, if lowers or smiles the day;
If snows deface or flowers adorn the plains:
My frozen breast admits no genial ray;
There winter, everlasting winter reigns!

"Yon ample roof of Heaven, thou deem'st so fair,
Where thy pleas'd eyes such gladsome splendours see,
Though the broad arch its proudest glories wear,
Is but a cavern's darksome vault to me!

"No use have I for all this flood of light:
No more for me the lamps of day arise:
The only form, that now could charm my sight,
No sun can show to these abandon'd eyes!

"This throbbing heart, of softest feelings made,
A heart that answer'd all its feelings found:
Nor Want's cold blast our blissful loves forbade,
Nor adverse kindred on our union frown'd:

"But 'tis an iron world: 'tis wild to look
For gentler hours of love and gladness here:
This rocking scene thro' all its frame is shook,
And Peace inhabits in some other sphere.

" The friends of strife have bid me smile no more ;
They rais'd the storm, that overcast my day ;
War's odious garb my luckless lover wore ;
The trumpet rent him from these arms away.

" Each battle's course with pausing breath I read :
Scarce could mine eyes the dread perusal dare :
But when I clos'd the list of them that bled,
How leapt my heart, when Edward was not there !

" Not long it leapt ; the destin'd stroke was dealt :
The victim's blood soon stain'd the fatal steel :
Deep in my soul the sword's keen edge I felt,
And took the wound, nor Art nor Time shall heal !

" Oh ! curst be he, amid the barb'rous strife,
Whose impious weapon laid an angel low !
But doubly curst the foes to love and life,
Who bad the crimson sea begin to flow !

" On this small tablet smiles his beauty still !
In his mild eye what gentle lustres play !
Oh ! what was he, who such a form could kill !
A form, to charm a Fury's rage away ?

" Then mock not me with this gay-painted ball,
That looks for Pleasure's smiling mansion made :
Ah, what though Nature kindly shine on all !
Man stands between, and flings on all his shade !

" O'er MY dimm'd scene a TOTAL gloom is thrown !
Where not the feeblest rays of comfort shine !
A night, in which no cheering star is known,
A night, that hopes no joyful morn, is mine !

" This is the cause my pallid figure wears,
In gloomy contrast, this dark suit of woe ;
Hence, hence it is, my frequent-gushing tears
This little pictur'd image thus o'erflow !

" For this I rove beneath these willows' shade,
Whose boughs dejected these lone waters lave :
For this, as oft my wand'ring foot is staid,
I view, with wishful gaze, the fatal wave."

Singular expressions, and some feeble lines, have occurred to our notice in perusing this little volume. 'Garden-orb,' for the world ; 'rounded caves,' for firelocks ; 'a wounded street ;' 'snapping of sleep ;' &c. are unauthorized novelties. The line,

'Figuring the raven vest that robes the sky.'

is too long by one syllable.

'A tree's *prostrated* trunk his seat supplied,'

cannot be verse, unless the second syllable of prostrated be made long, contrary to usage.

Such lines as,

'And woo the lids *of all* that lives to close,'
'No scape is mine! *I'm* lash'd enough within.'
'I felt how much more *due* to me the doom!'
'And that it yields my aged frame no good.';

are very tame and feeble, and not worthy of admission into elegiac stanzas.

Though, however, we cannot pronounce these supplemental essays equal in poetic merit to the author's blank-verse composition, they contain nervous and pathetic descriptions, which alike display the vigour of his mind and the feelings of his heart. His own satisfaction is thus expressed at the conclusion of his preface:

'Having thus discharged all the power, which the Author of my nature has been pleased to bestow upon me, at this great enemy of mankind, I have at once procured myself some relief from a load of indignation, that has long oppressed my soul, and the pride to reflect, that my intention, if not my execution, entitles me to the gratitude of the public, whether I be destined to reap it or not.'

As we have already mentioned, this publication appeared at the commencement of the late short-lived peace: but that termination of hostilities gave Mr. F. little pleasure, because it was far from effecting the consummation of his wishes; which look forwards to that (we fear, *distant*) period, when men shall not only abstain from fighting, but "even cease to *learn war any more.*" As a preliminary to this event, so ardently desired by the humane philosopher, pride and passion must be brought into the most complete subjection to enlightened reason; and men must have learnt to renounce the love of wealth, pre-eminence, and dominion.

Mo-y.

ART. X. *Animal Biography;* or, Anecdotes of the Lives, Manners, and Economy, of the Animal Creation, arranged according to the System of Linnæus. By the Rev. W. Bingley, A.B. Fellow of the Linnean Society, and late of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. 3 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 7s. Boards. R. Phillips. 1803.

WITHOUT the aid of characteristic divisions, we can make no regular advances in the study of nature, nor transmit any information relative to that study with precision to posterity; and therefore it would be highly unreasonable to detract from the merits of those eminent zoologists, who have applied their time and talents chiefly to points of technical arrangement. It behoves us, however, to recollect that the most complete

plete and brilliant nomenclature, if not applied to the discovery of truth and the purposes of life, can be little better than *sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.* As well might the carpenter expect to form a table by merely purchasing the requisite materials and instruments, as the naturalist hope to arrive at interesting or important conclusions by the adjustment of names and definitions. A catalogue of the numerous living beings which "encompass our paths" derives its value from its subserviency to our inquiries into the various modes of animal existence; whence we may contemplate many striking displays of supreme intelligence and goodness, and deduce lessons fraught with utility to individuals or to society.

In these leading points of view, and as filling up a chasm in English literature, the present collection has urgent claims on our favourable notice. The labour of nearly two years, and the careful inspection of almost a thousand volumes, are solid proofs of the compiler's diligence and perseverance. As he has selected his materials with judgment, and has exhibited them in a connected series, we would recommend his volumes to those professed naturalists who may be desirous of revising, in an easy and methodical manner, some of the most interesting results of their former investigations;—to the student, who is now enabled, with no great expenditure of either time or trouble, to trace at once the outline of a great department of the Linnéan system, and to treasure in his mind many of the curious facts connected with the history of the animal creation;—to the philosopher, who loves to speculate on the constitution and conduct of organized beings;—and even to him who, without having it in his power to pursue any fixed plan of study, can occasionally devote an hour or two to rational recreation. From the perusal of these anecdotes, the young of both sexes may reap much entertainment and instruction; without encountering a single passage which can alarm modesty, or wound those pure and simple feelings which constitute the ornament and the comfort of our condition. The more irksome details of classification and description, which may always be obtained from systematical publications, have been purposely suppressed; and the sameness of the general plan is sometimes agreeably relieved by apposite reflections or poetical quotations.

To a preliminary discourse on the study of nature, replete with sensible and pious observations, the reverend author has subjoined a concise view of the animal kingdom; and to the accounts of the several species detailed in the course of the work, he has usually prefixed some remarks on the genus, or family. The first and second volumes comprize the qua-

drupeds and birds; and the third, the amphibious tribes, fishes, insects, and worms.

We can scarcely expect that a first attempt, of such a nature, should exhaust the subject. In fact, much remains, and will long remain, to be discovered and registered; and writers may arise who, from improved and enlarged statements, may illustrate a beautiful continuity of gradation in the scale of intellect, from the highest cultivated faculties of man to the last traces of locomotive power. Meanwhile, it is desirable to gather into one body such scattered and disjointed facts, as may ultimately contribute to extended views of nature. This task Mr. Bingley has commenced, and has thus performed a lasting service to the public. They who have particularly directed their thoughts to the habits and propensities of the inferior animals may, perhaps, require a still more complete enumeration of facts; and no doubt the work might have been extended to double its present size: but much has been prudently passed unnoticed, because generally known, and more has been neglected, because it lay within the region of fable. We even wish that Mr. B. had culled with a still more sparing hand from such writers as Pontoppidan, Stedman, and Vaillant: yet it is seldom that he records, at least in unqualified language, any striking particulars which are not duly attested. The works of Rondelet, Artedi, and Bloch, with Lacépède's yet unfinished ichthyology, might have furnished a wider range of information concerning the history of fishes: but the notices of the quadrupeds and insects are pleasingly diversified, and satisfactory.

Having premised thus much with regard to the general merits of this valuable compilation, we shall briefly hint at a few of those mistatements, or inaccuracies, from which no work of any length can plead exemption.

Linné has certainly ascribed the *clamor horrendus* to the Sloth, because naturalists and travellers, who copied from one another, had done so before him: but it is now ascertained that the cry of this animal is more plaintive than horrible. It is likewise a singular circumstance, that this reputed lump of insensibility should be capable of shedding tears.

It appears to us a hasty assertion, that Mastiffs are *peculiar* to this country; and we cannot affirm, with Mr. B., that the *Gymnotus Electricus* is confined to Surinam. If we rightly recollect, it was first discovered by Richer, in Cayenne, and has been found at the mouths of some of the African rivers.

We have had occasion more than once to controvert the common opinion, that both jaws of the Crocodile are move-

able; and, as the suffrages of recent and respectable travellers are in favour of Grew, who first exposed the prevailing notion, we were surprized to find it re-echoed in the present publication.—Besides the fossil Crocodile described by Linkius, Mr. B. might have noticed the more perfect specimens from St. Peter's Mountain, near Maestricht.

If we descend to verbal criticisms, we have to remark that the style of these volumes is, for the most part, plain and easy. The general title, however, is exceptionable, because redundant, and yet not sufficiently descriptive of the author's subject. *Animal Biography* is equivalent to *an account of the lives of living creatures;* and, doubtless, he would be a sturdy naturalist, who should undertake a biography of sticks and stones. —Such collocation as, *they frequently hold out it,* and, *the latter it rises into the air with,* is peculiarly aukward. *Surprising agile, the gluttony and filthy habits of these animals* SEEMS, *the upper parts of the plumage* IS, &c. are obvious inaccuracies. *A state of torpidity* is a favourite expression with Mr. B. and some of his contemporaries: when analyzed, however, its redundancy is as manifest as that of *animal biography:—torpidity,* of itself, denotes a state of torpor. *Preventative* is unauthorized by correct writers, and is, moreover, at variance with analogy. *Deceptious* and *immesh* are rather affected neologisms. The first syllable is superfluous in *depredatory;* to *subside* is used only in a neuter sense; and though, in conversation, it has become fashionable to use *lay* for *lie,* we should be glad to see this ungrammatical innovation *laid aside.*

It now only remains that we treat our readers with a few short extracts.

A ludicrous incident is related concerning the Oran Otan:

'Pere Carbasson brought up an Oran Otan, which became so fond of him, that wherever he went it always seemed desirous of accompanying him: whenever, therefore, he had to perform the service of his church, he was always under the necessity of shutting it up in a room. Once, however, the animal escaped, and followed the father to the church, where, silently mounting on the sounding board above the pulpit, he lay perfectly still till the sermon commenced. He then crept to the edge, and overlooking the preacher, imitated all his gestures in so grotesque a manner that the whole congregation *was* unavoidably *caused* to laugh. The father, surprized and confounded at this ill-timed levity, severely reproved his audience for their inattention. The reproof failed in its effect, the congregation still laughed, and the preacher, in the warmth of his zeal, redoubled his vociferations and his actions: these the Ape imitated so exactly, that the congregation could no longer retain themselves, but burst out into a loud and continued laughter. A friend of the preacher at length stepped up to him, and pointed out the cause of

this improper conduct; and such was the arch demeanour of his animal, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could command the muscles of his countenance, and keep himself apparently serious, while he ordered the servants of the church to take him away.'

'A most extraordinary instance of memory in a Mastiff is related by M. D'Obsonville. This dog, which he had brought up in India, from two months old, accompanied himself and a friend from Pondicherry to Benglour, a distance of more than three hundred leagues.' "Our journey," he continues, "occupied near three weeks, and we had to traverse plains and mountains, and to ford rivers, and go along several bye-paths. The animal, which had certainly never been in that country before, lost us at Benglour, and immediately returned to Pondicherry. He went directly to the house of M. Beylier, then commandant of artillery, my friend, and with whom I had generally lived. Now the difficulty is, not so much to know how the dog subsisted on the road, for he was very strong, and able to procure himself food; but how he should so well have found his way, after an interval of more than a month! This was an effort of memory greatly superior to that which the human race is capable of exerting."

Among other instances of the affection manifested by the canine species, we expected to have met with an extraordinary case which occurred at Paris in 1660. Sonnini, in his own masterly manner, has published the particulars, to which we cannot render justice in quoting from memory. Suffice it to say, that this faithful and kind-hearted animal remained for several years by his master's grave, braving the rigours of winter, and supported by the pity of the neighbouring inhabitants.

Under the article *common Bear*, we find there curious notices:

'When a Kamtschadale espies a Bear, he endeavours to conciliate his friendship at a distance, accompanying his gestures by courteous words. They are, indeed, so familiar, that the women and girls, when they are gathering roots and herbs, or turf for fuel, in the midst of a whole drove of Bears, are never disturbed by them in their employment; and if any one of these animals comes up to them, it is only to eat something out of their hands. They have never been known to attack a man, except when roused on a sudden from their sleep; and they very seldom turn upon the marksman, whether they be hit or not.

'This humane character of the Kamtschadale Bear, who differs so remarkably from his brethren in most other countries, procures him, however, no exemption from the persecutions of mankind. His great utility is a sufficient instigation to self-interested man, to declare eternal war against him. Armed with a spear, or club, the Kamtschadale goes in quest of the peaceful animal in his calm retreat, who, meditating no attack, and intent only on defence, gravely takes

takes the faggots, which his more brutal persecutor brings him, and with them, himself, choakes up the entrance to his den. The mouth of the cavern being thus closed, the hunter bores a hole through the top, and spears, with the greatest security, his defenceless foe *.

'They are sometimes cruel enough to lay a board driven full of iron hooks, in the Bear's track, and place near it something heavy, that the animal must throw down as he passes. Alarmed by this, he runs upon the board with greater force than he would otherwise do; and, finding one of his paws wounded, and fixed by the hooks, he endeavours to free himself, by striking it forcibly with the other. Both the paws of the poor animal being now fixed, bellowing with pain, he rises on his hind feet, which immediately brings the board before his eyes, and so perplexes him, that he throws himself down in fury, and his violent struggles at length destroy him.

'It would be difficult to name a species of animals, if we except the Sheep, so variously serviceable to man, as the Bear, after his death, is to the Kamtschadales. Of the skin, they make beds, covertures, caps, and gloves, and collars for their sledge-dogs. Those who go upon the ice for the capture of marine animals, make their shoe-soals of the same, which never slip upon the ice. The fat of the Bear is held in great estimation by all the inhabitants of Kamtschatka, as a very savory and wholesome nourishment; and, when rendered fluid, by melting, it supplies the place of oil. The flesh is esteemed a great delicacy. The intestines, when cleansed, and properly scraped, are worn by the *fair sex*, as masks to preserve their faces from the effects of the sun-beams; which here, being reflected from the snow, are generally found to blacken the skin; but, by this means, the Kamtschadale ladies preserve a fine complexion. The Russians of Kamtschatka make window-panes of these intestines, which are as clear and transparent as those made of Muscovy-glass. Of the shoulder-blades, are made sickles for cutting grass, and the heads and haunches are hung up by these people, as ornaments or trophies, on the trees about their dwellings.

'The Kamtschadales also acknowledge infinite obligations to the Bears, for the little progress they have hitherto made, as well in the sciences, as even in the *polite arts*. They confess themselves indebted to these animals for all their knowledge in physic and surgery: by observing what herbs they have applied to the wounds they have received, and what methods they have pursued, when they were languid, and out of order, this people have acquired a knowledge of most of those simples, which they now have recourse to, either as external or internal applications. But the most singular circum-

'* A method nearly similar is practised by some of the North American Indians, with the Bears of that country. They block up the dens with logs of wood, and then break in at the top, and either kill the animal with a spear or gun; or else put a snare about his neck, and, drawing his head close to the hole, dispatch him with their hatchets. —Hearne, 370.'

stance of all is, that they admit the Bears to be their *dancing-masters;* and, in what they call the *Bear-dance*, every gesture and attitude of that animal is so faithfully exhibited, as to afford sufficient indications of this. They represent its sluggish and stupid gait; its different feelings and situations, as the young ones about their dam, the amorous sports of the male with the female, and its agitation, when pursued.'

Mr. B. animadverts with just and pointed severity on the barbarous practice of cock-fighting; and on the cruelties which are too often exercised on that useful and generous animal, the horse. He ought, however, to distinguish between common posting and the abuse of that mode of travelling. Of the Ass, he says;

'The manner in which the Asses descend the precipices of the Alps, or the Andes, is truly extraordinary, and deserves to be recorded. In the passes of these mountains there are often on one side steep eminences, and on the other frightful abysses; and, as these generally follow the direction of the mountain, the road, instead of lying on a level, forms at every little distance steep declivities of several hundred yards downwards. These can only be descended by Asses; and the animals themselves seem sensible of the danger, by the caution that they use. When they come to the edge of one of the descents, they stop of themselves, without being checked by the rider; and, if he inadvertently attempts to spur them on, they continue immoveable. They seem all this time ruminating on the danger that lies before them, and preparing themselves for the encounter. They not only attentively view the road, but tremble and snort at the danger. Having prepared for their descent, they place their fore feet in a posture as if they were stopping themselves; they then also put their hinder feet together, but a little forward, as if they were about to lie down. In this attitude, having taken a survey of the road, they slide down with the swiftness of a meteor. In the mean time all that the rider has to do is to keep himself fast on the saddle, without checking the rein, for the least motion is sufficient to disorder the equilibrium of the Ass, in which case they must both unavoidably perish. But their address in this rapid descent is truly wonderful; for, in their swiftest motion, when they seem to have lost all government of themselves, they follow exactly the different windings of the road, as if they had previously settled in their minds the route they were to follow, and taken every precaution for their safety. In this journey, the natives, who are placed along the sides of the mountains, and hold by the roots of the trees, animate the beasts with shouts; and encourage them to perseverance. Some Asses, after being long used to these journies, acquire a kind of reputation for their safety and skill; and their value rises in proportion to their fame.'

The extreme virulence of the poison of the Rattle-snake is exemplified by this anecdote:

'We are told by an intelligent American writer, that a farmer was one day mowing with his negroes, when he by chance trod on a Rattle-snake, that immediately turned upon him, and bit his boot. At night,

night, when he went to bed, he was attacked with a sickness; he swelled, and before a physician could be called in he died. All his neighbours were surprised at his sudden death, but the corpse was interred without examination. A few days after one of the sons put on his father's boots, and at night when he pulled them off he was seized with the same symptoms, and died on the following morning. The doctor arrived, but, unable to divine the cause of so singular a disorder, seriously pronounced both the father and the son to have been bewitched. At the sale of the effects a neighbour purchased the boots, and on putting them on experienced the like dreadful symptoms with the father and son: a skilful physician, however, being sent for, who had heard of the preceding affair, suspected the cause, and, by applying proper remedies, recovered his patient. The fatal boots were now carefully examined, and the two fangs of the snake were discovered to have been left in the leather with the poison-bladders adhering to them.—They had penetrated entirely through, and both the father and son had imperceptibly scratched themselves with their points in pulling off the boots.'

Speaking of the *Bombardier* (*Carabus Crepitans*, Lin.),

'This insect,' says Mr. B. 'keeps itself concealed among stones, and seems to make little use of its wings. When it moves it is by a sort of jump; and when it is touched we are surprized with a noise resembling the discharge of a musket in miniature, during which a blue smoke may be perceived to proceed from its extremity. The insect may at any time be made to play off its artillery by scratching its back with a needle. If we may believe Rolander, who first made these observations, it can give twenty discharges successively. A bladder, placed near its posterior extremity, is the arsenal that contains its store. This is its chief defence against its enemies, and the vapour or liquid that proceeds from it is of so pungent a nature that if it happens to be discharged into the eyes it makes them smart as though brandy had been thrown into them. Its principal enemy is another insect of the same genus, but three or four times its size. When pursued and fatigued, the Bombardier has recourse to this stratagem. It lies down in the path of its enemy, who advances with open mouth and claws to seize it; but on the discharge of the artillery this suddenly draws back, and remains for a while confused, during which the Bombardier conceals himself in some neighbouring crevice! but if not lucky enough to find one, the other returns to the attack, takes the insect by the head, and tears it off.'

M. Bechstein's remarks on Gossamer are well worthy of attention:

"Some naturalists (says this gentleman) have considered this phenomenon as the evaporation of plants condensed during the cool days of harvest by the air, and converted into threads like those which can be drawn from resinous juices; others, as the production of a kind of spider, on account of its similarity to the threads of common spiders; and M. Pereboom has discovered a kind of beetle, furnished with a vesicle on its back, from the hinder parts of which,

on both sides, proceed two threads that extend over the extremity of the body, and end in a double thread sometimes ten or more inches in length, which thread he supposes to form the Gossamer.

" Having made for many years the closest observations on this phenomenon, I am of opinion that it is caused by a species of field spider, so small and active as to be imperceptible, unless the observer possesses a very acute sight. This spider, if it has no name already, I propose to call the Gossamer Spider, *Aranea Obtextrix.* It is about the size of the head of a small pin. Its head is somewhat long, and has in the fore-part eight grey eyes, placed in a circular form. The body is of a shining dark brown colour, with the abdomen shaped like an egg. The legs are moderately yellowish.

" These spiders first appear in the beginning of October, in woods, gardens, and meadows, where their eggs are hatched in safety: thence they spread themselves over whole districts, and during the rest of October, and till the middle of November, may be found in dry fields throughout Europe. Extensive tracts of land are sometimes seen swarming with them. In the beginning of October, when but very few are hatched, a few single threads of their webs, extending from twig to twig, are seen only in the sunshine; about the middle of the month their threads are more perceptible; and towards the end, if a person stands in such a position as to see the sun-beams play on the slender threads, hedges, meadows, corn-fields, stubble-land, and even whole districts, appear covered as with a sort of fine white gauze.

" The Gossamer Spider does not weave a web, but only extends its threads from one place to another. These are so delicate, that a single thread cannot be seen unless the sun shines on it. One of them, to be visible at other times, must be composed of at least six common threads twisted together. In serene calm days these spiders work with great diligence, especially after the disappearance of the morning fogs. Between twelve and two, however, their industry excites the greatest admiration. A person with a pretty quick eye, or by the help of a glass, may sometimes perceive among the barley-stubble such a multitude of these insects extending their threads, that the fields appear as if covered with swarms of gnats.

" Several of the single threads become twisted together by the gentlest breath of wind, and form perceptible threads, which, being broken by stronger winds, unite into thick threads, or even into balls, and float through the atmosphere. These are then called, in Germany, the *flying summer*, because the summer seems to fly away at the same time. The spiders are conveyed in them: but it is not uncommon to find spiders of other species in them, which have been entangled and dragged away; and even the webs of other spiders, and the dried husks of insects that have been caught in them, are often found in the Gossamer.

" The Gossamer Spiders appear in swarms only during the harvest, but single spiders are to be found the whole summer through."

We had marked many more passages for insertion: but we must not extend this article beyond ordinary limits; and, if our

our readers conceive the same opinion of the work which we entertain, they will not rest satisfied with a partial knowlege of its contents.

Muir

ART. XI. *Lectures on the Elements of Chemistry*, delivered in the University of Edinburgh; by the late Joseph Black, M.D., Professor of Chemistry in that University, &c. &c. Now published from his Manuscripts, by John Robison, LL.D., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. 2 Vols. 4to. 3l. 3s. Boards. Longman and Rees. 1803.

IN bringing forwards the present work, Dr. Robison has performed an acceptable service to the world, and an agreeable and honourable duty to the memory of an illustrious friend, whose good opinion and confidence he possessed in a high degree. To do justice to his reputation as a discoverer, to make known the amiable qualities of his mind, and to give a faithful transcript of those lectures which so much contributed to the advancement of chemical science, are the laudable views by which the editor was actuated in preparing these volumes for the press. We venerate the undertaking; and we feel much satisfaction in reflecting that the character and labours of one of the most distinguished, and at the same time one of the most modest and unassuming philosophers of the last century, are now laid before the public in a manner which is equally creditable to his memory, and to the feelings, industry, and learning of the editor.

Dr. Black's publications were very few in number, and were always reluctantly given to the world; it therefore became a duty incumbent on his friends, to devote (as they have now done) the manuscripts which came under their inspection, after his decease, to the service of the community. The present volumes may be considered as a valuable acquisition to the chemical philosopher. They contain, in common with other comprehensive treatises, the various facts which constitute the elements of the science; and they furnish us likewise with an interesting view of the author's important discoveries, in his own simple and unaffected language. They moreover afford a memorable example of candour in the relinquishment of favourite and long established opinions, and exhibit throughout an useful lesson of steady adherence to accurate induction in the pursuit of philosophical inquiries. At the same time, if objections should be found to offer themselves to these lectures as a general system of modern chemistry, they may fairly be referred to the circumstances under which they were delivered; for it could scarcely be expected that, at an advanced period of

life, and under the disadvantages of a delicate constitution, Dr. Black could completely accommodate his lectures to the revolution which has of late years taken place in the science; nor that he could entirely divest them of their connection with the doctrines which formerly prevailed.

A preface of considerable length is occupied in a sketch of the life and scientific labours of Dr. Black; and from this paper our readers will no doubt be gratified in being presented with some abstracts.

Dr. Jos. Black was born in France, on the banks of the Garonne, in the year 1728. His father was a native of Ireland, though of a Scotch family, and was settled some years in the wine trade at Bourdeaux, where he was favoured with the particular intimacy of the illustrious Montesquieu. Dr. B. was sent to Belfast for his education, when twelve years of age; and, after the ordinary instruction of a grammar school, he commenced, in the year 1746, his academical education at Glasgow: where he was the favourite pupil of the professor of Natural Philosophy, Dr. Robert Dick, and the intimate companion of his son and successor. At the time of Dr. B.'s choice of medicine for his profession, the celebrated Cullen had just entered on his career at Glasgow; and, as it was his delight to encourage and assist the efforts of his pupils, he was not long in establishing a mutual friendship and confidence with the subject of this memoir. A short passage will evince with what ardour and constancy Dr. B. at this time pursued his improvements in literature and science:

'Our young philosopher,' says the editor, 'had laid down a very comprehensive and serious plan for the conduct of his studies. This appears by a number of note-books found among his papers. There are some in which he seems to have inserted every thing as it took his fancy, in medicine, chemistry, jurisprudence, or matters of taste; and I find others into which he has transferred the same things, but has distributed them according to their scientific connections. In short, he has kept a journal and ledger of his studies, and has posted his books like a merchant. I have looked over these memorandums with some care, and have there seen the first germs of those discoveries which have at last produced such a complete revolution in chemical science. What particularly struck me, was the steadiness with which he advanced in any path of knowledge,—*nulla retrorsum.* Things are inserted for the first time, from some present impression of their singularity or importance, but without any allusion to their connections. When a thing of the same kind is mentioned again, there is generally a reference back to its fellow; and thus the most insulated facts often acquired a connection which gave them scientific importance.'

Dr. Black went to Edinburgh, in order to finish his medical studies, in 1750, or 1751; and he graduated at Glasgow in the year

year 1754. The subject of his thesis was *De Acido à cibis orto, et de Magnesiâ;* and it contained the foundation of his celebrated discoveries relating to carbonic acid gas, which were afterward more fully developed in his essay on Magnesia and Quicklime. When he took his degree in medicine, he sent some copies of his essay to his father in Bourdeaux; and one was given by the old gentleman to his friend, the President Montesquieu: who after a few days called on Mr. Black, and said to him, with a sagacity for which that great man was celebrated, "Mr. Black, my very good friend, I rejoice with you; your son will be the honour of your name, and of your family."

Soon after his graduation, he was appointed professor of Anatomy, and lecturer on Chemistry, in his Alma mater: but, as he did not consider himself so well qualified to be useful in the former branch of medical study, he was permitted to exchange classes with the professor of medicine. He now read lectures on the Institutions of Medicine: but, though they gave satisfaction by their perspicuity and simplicity, and by the cautious moderation of the general doctrines which they inculcated, it did not appear that they satisfied the author, since there are no remains of them to be found among his papers, and he would never encourage conversation on topics connected with them. Between the years 1759 and 1763, Dr. Black brought to maturity those speculations on latent heat, or "the combination of heat or fire with tangible matter," which form so important an epoch in modern chemistry. After these were established by accurate experiments, an account of the whole investigation, with the doctrine founded on it, was read on April 23d, 1762, to a literary society, consisting of the members of the university, and several gentlemen of the city who had a relish for philosophy and literature. In the proofs and illustrations of this doctrine, Dr. Black derived very important assistance from the celebrated Mr. Watt, of Birmingham, who was one of his most zealous pupils, and soon became his most esteemed friend.

Some time previously to his making this communication, Dr. Black gave to the same society a series of experiments on the Thermometer; in order to prove that equal additions or abstractions of heat produced equal variations of bulk in the liquor of the Thermometers employed.

'About this period,' says the editor, 'Dr. Black was in high reputation as a professor, and a favourite physician of the large and active city of Glasgow. Indeed his sweetness of manner, which the dullest eye must have perceived to be free from all studious endeavour to please, and the evident concern which he took in the cases under his care, could not but make him a most welcome visitor in every family. His countenance,

countenance, at that time of life, was equally engaging as his manners were attractive, so that I do not wonder that, in the general popularity of his character, he was in particular a favourite with the ladies. I could not but remark that they regard themselves as honoured by the attentions of Dr. Black; for these were not indiscriminately bestowed, but exclusively paid to those who evinced a superiority in mental accomplishments, or propriety of demeanour, and in grace and elegance of manners.'

In the year 1766, on the translation of Dr. Cullen from the chemical to the medical chair of the University of Edinburgh, Dr. Black succeeded him in the former; and from that time, his great attention was to render his lectures adapted to the improvement of his pupils.

Chemistry now began to occupy an important place in natural science; and philosophers, in various parts of Europe, were assiduously occupied in its improvement. The illustrious discoveries of Scheele, Priestley, Cavendish, and Lavoisier, are well known; and if Dr. Black was not immediately concerned in them, it may at least be said, with the editor, that it was his two discoveries of 'fixed air, and combined heat, which gave the incitement, pointed out the road, and furnished the chief helps for pursuing it.' Unfortunately for Science, the delicate health of Dr. Black, and the constant attention necessary to avoid or to obviate the effects of any accidental irritations, prevented him from taking an active part in those researches to which his discoveries had led the way.

'The slightest cold, the most trifling approach to repletion, immediately affected his breast, occasioned feverishness, and, if continued for two or three days, brought on a spitting of blood. In this situation, nothing restored him to ease but relaxation of thought and gentle exercise. The sedentary life to which study confined him was manifestly hurtful; and he never allowed himself to indulge in any intense thinking, or puzzling research, without finding these complaints sensibly increased.

'Thus situated, Dr. Black was obliged to be contented as the spectator of the successful labours of others. So completely trammeled was he in this respect, that although his friends saw others disingenuous enough to avail themselves of the novelties announced by Dr. Black in his lectures, without acknowledging the obligation, and were thence afraid that their friend's claim of originality and priority might become doubtful; and although they repeatedly urged him to publish an account of what he had done, this remained unaccomplished to the last. Dr. Black often began the task; but was so nice in his notions of the manner in which it should be executed, that the pains he took in forming a plan of the work never failed to affect his health, and oblige him to desist.'

Dr. Black possessed every talent and accomplishment necessary to insure extensive medical practice: but the anxiety which he

he felt on account of his patients, and his strong sense of the importance of the charge intrusted to him, obliged him to limit his attendance to a few particular friends.

By many persons, Dr. B. was considered as parsimonious: but the editor represents his disposition as of a very different kind. He is acquainted with many examples of the exercise of his beneficence, and knows more instances than one in which this feeling has been indulged at a very serious risk to himself.—Amiable in private life, free from ostentation, but always disposed to give a cordial welcome to a few select friends, he lived in the highest estimation as well for erudition and elegance of taste, as for probity, equanimity, and ingenuousness. The chief companions of his hours of relaxation were Dr. Adam Smith, Mr. Hume, Dr. Ferguson, Mr. John Home, Dr. Alex. Carlyle, and one or two other gentlemen of talents and elegant accomplishments; all of whom were attached to him by their experience of his ingenuity, candour, and good taste, rather than by any similarity of studies or 'agreement of opinions.' There were others to whom his philosophical talents, and more particularly his chemical and geological knowlege, were powerful sources of attachment. These were Mr. Clerk of Elden, and his brother Sir George, Dr. Roebuck, and Dr. James Hutton.

Some time before his death, he was under the necessity of procuring an assistant in his lectures, and was at length obliged to give up his public duties altogether. As he advanced in years, his constitution became still more delicate and frail, 'so that every cold he caught occasioned some degree of spitting of blood. Yet he seemed to have this unfortunate disposition of body almost under command, so that he never allowed it to proceed far, or to occasion any distressing illness; and he thus spun his thread of life to the last fibre; and even this does not seem to have broken, but merely to have ended.' He died on the 26th of November 1799, in the 71st year of his age, 'without any convulsion, shock, or stupor, to announce or retard the approach of death;' and thus was his humane and modest wish gratified, of not being confined to a long-continued sick-bed, which might occasion a great degree of trouble and distress to attending friends.

In addition to his inaugural dissertation, and to the work on Magnesia and Quicklime printed soon afterward, the only papers which have appeared before the public, from the pen of this illustrious philosopher, were some observations on the ready freezing of water that has been boiled, published in the Philosophical Transactions of London for 1774, and an analysis

sis of the waters of some boiling springs in Iceland, which appeared in the Memoirs of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

We sincerely lament that, for a long series of years, Dr. Black was not able to be more than an inactive spectator of the improvements of modern chemistry; and though we agree with the editor, in principally accounting for this circumstance from the state of his health, which unfitted him for any extraordinary exertions, we cannot entirely set aside a great degree of habitual indolence, which made such exertions particularly oppressive; and which is very strongly exemplified in his neglecting to publish any account of his most important discovery of latent heat.

Though it is perfectly unnecessary, at the present period, to give any particular abstracts from Dr. Black's lectures, it may be proper to mention the general plan of them.—Their principal division is into the more general, and the more particular doctrines of chemistry. Under the first head, he gives an account of the more general or universal effects of heat, of the more general observations and discoveries relating to mixture, and of the chemical apparatus or instruments, and the manner of using them. Under the latter division, he considers the nature of the most remarkable bodies which chemists have studied; and these he divides into the six following classes: the salts; the earths; the inflammable substances; the metals; the waters; and the vegetable and animal substances.

At the end of each volume, the editor has subjoined several historical illustrative notes, which relate to particular passages of the lectures, and will be perused with interest. He enters into a long account of the claims which have been set up by De Luc and others for the original discovery of latent heat; and he feels, as every one must do on this occasion, an honest indignation at attempts which have been made to arrest from the rightful owner, one of the most valuable discoveries of modern times.

Before we conclude this article, it may be proper to observe, that the learned editor was chosen by Dr. Black's executors as the most proper person with whom they could entrust the publication of his lectures; and that, in the execution of this duty, (which he for some time hesitated to accept,) many difficulties arose from the very indistinct, and sometimes imperfect, state in which various parts of the manuscript were left. Yell.

ART.

ART. XII. *A Non-Military Journal,* or Observations made in Egypt, by an Officer upon the Staff of the British Army; describing the Country, its Inhabitants, their Manners and Customs; with Anecdotes illustrative of them. In a Series of Letters. Embellished with Engravings. 4to. 1l. 1s. Boards. Cadell and Davies. 1803.

THE author of this lively Journal, who is said to be Major Doyle, seems to have thought that we had heard enough of blood and warfare from his brother journalists, who had traversed the same scenes. His letters are addressed to a lady (evidently his wife); and we are not disposed to scrutinize with much severity what is presented to us in so handsome and *dégagé* a manner:

'In sober seriousness, this *Trifle* (written by a Soldier who aims not at *literary fame*, who never had an idea of making it public, and intended it but for the eye of a partial friend,) will not, I hope and entreat, be judged with the severity of criticism. It has not even been altered from its original form: "*Tant pis,*" perhaps you will say: however, you must do with it as the Author has done with his Correspondent—"*take it for better, for worse.*"

We may give a specimen of the author's talent for description, from the letter which relates his first expedition on the Nile:

'I was faint, debilitated, and miserable, with a nasty fever hanging on me, which followed my wound, and oppressed my spirits dreadfully; but the sudden transition from barren hot sand, and every thing that proclaimed a desolate and melancholy country, into the cheerful verdant soil which either side the Nile presented to my feverish, but now all devouring eye, gave such a fillip to exhausted and desponding nature, that, as if roused from a lethargy, inspirited and revived by the unexpected novelty of the scene, I involuntarily rose up in the boat, and felt a degree of strength for a long time quite unknown to me. Every minute added to the beauty of the scene, and to my strength; the whole river alive with wild-fowl, and our boats; continued and picturesque groups of men and women sporting upon the banks; while the buffaloes along-side refreshed themselves by bathing and rolling in the Nile, nothing but their heads appearing, which they ever and anon dipped to get rid of the busy fly; never did any creature seem to enjoy itself so much.

'Here, an ancient-looking mansion, well built of brick, whose owner, in all the pompous grandeur and absurdity of the East, sat in the shade encircled by his vassals, smoaking, and drinking coffee, meditating upon—*nothing;* surrounded by highly cultivated grounds and lovely gardens, watered by the incessant labour of immense bullocks.

'There, a village, which, though of mud huts, yet picturesque in the extreme; these huts rising in tiers, one above the other, to the

summit of the hill upon which it stood, and, as the roofs were flat, had a very singular appearance.

'On one side, a very extensive wood of date trees, in which we discovered, at the winding of the river, Fort Julien, built in a commanding situation, about two miles from the mouth of the Nile. This afforded not only a fine, but very interesting object; it had surrendered but the day before.

'At the other side a village crowded with children, running naked about, and splashing in the water, delighting their anxious parents, who assembled upon the banks to watch them.

'Immense tracts of ground, verdant with most luxurious clover; whole fields of cucumbers, sallads, beans, pumpkins, &c. &c.; pasture land covered with cattle; poultry of all kinds (except turkeys, of which, odd to say, there are none in this country,) other fowls in myriads; pigeons swarming about the villages which present themselves, every two or three hundred yards, upon the Delta side, proving its population and plenty; some of these villages with tolerably good houses, others entirely of huts and mud holes, but all affording a novelty and variety of scene, and creature, that have made so strong an impression upon my mind, I never can forget my first trip up the Nile; which must at all times gladden and rejoice the poor unfortunate fellow who, like myself, shall enter it, either from a long *séjour* on board ship, or from the barren plains of Alexandria *. I confess the effect it produced upon me, was that of doing for me more than all the *medecins* or *medecines* in the country; I felt myself, for the moment, a renovated man.

'Though the sun was inclined to deal its heat most powerfully upon us, yet it was tempered by the charming fresh breeze, which one can almost always *command* upon this part of the Nile, and which wafted me safe to Rosetta, without being conscious of the languor and oppression of which I found every one in the town complain.

'I ought not to forget the delight we felt in being able, by leaning over the boat, to take up a drink of excellent good water, which was a *very scarce commodity* in our fleet; we found the water fresh within ten yards of the mouth of the Nile.

'The appearance of Rosetta through the trees, as you pass round the island, (the quarantine,) is really not only beautiful, but grand; the houses *seem* elegant, regularly built, very large, and have an *appearance* of grandeur, from their ancient style of architecture; all which wear off, though, upon a closer view. These, with the numerous lofty and majestic minarets (steeples) of their mosques, and the delightful gardens, and groupes of date trees, with which the environs are crowded, form a *coup d'œil* you can better fancy than I describe.'

'* Every thing is more or less beautiful by comparison. The description I have just given was drawn from the impression I felt at the moment, and such as I am convinced must have been made upon every man in the same situation.'

In

In another letter, we meet with some curious particulars respecting the supply of water in Egypt, and the disputed fact concerning rain in that climate:

'*The want of water in Egypt* carries with it a dreadful sound to the ear of a soldier about to commence a campaign in that country; and that we landed under the full impression that so *great was the scarcity*, we should be obliged to depend upon the fleet for our daily consumption, is *most certain*.—If that had been the case, I may venture to tell you, from *high authority*, we should have re-embarked very few days after our landing; but we found extremely good water literally upon the *very beach*, at the foot of the large sand hill, under which part of our troops landed, and which was wash'd by the sea. Indeed we scarcely missed finding water by digging near date-trees, from four to seven feet deep; it was white, and rather sweet, but no man in the army felt any ill effects from it.

'It is a curious fact, that the French, after three years residence in this country, and constantly keeping up a communication between Alexandria and Aboukir, there being a garrison in each place, should have been convinced, to the very last moment, that no water could be procured between those two places, a distance of seventeen miles: the proof of this is, that while you applied your canteen of water to the parched mouth of the suffering but gallant French soldier, who lay wounded upon the beach after the landing at Aboukir, he generously said, *Comrade, I thank you—be careful not to waste that water, for between this and Alexandria, near six leagues, you will not find a drop*, "*Pas le gout d'eau*" was the expression, and this was stated universally. The want of such truly necessary knowledge is accounted for thus: when a detachment marched from Alexandria to Aboukir, each soldier had his leathern bottle filled with water, which he most carefully preserved, being impressed with the idea that none was to be gotten during his march, which was made always at night. Certainly the want of water in Lower Egypt is not so alarming to people on the spot as to you who are distant. We were told, too, that we should have no rain—however, the very first night we were on shore, a good soaking shower wet us completely through—*a symptom of our being ill informed.* The fact is this, that upon the sea-coast there is frequent and heavy rain; but, retired from it, and up the country, to a certain distance, rain is not much known: at Cairo, for instance, they very seldom have any.'

In relating the capture of the French Dromedary-Corps, by General Doyle, the author gives a striking account of their appearance:

'This brilliant *coup* was highly advantageous to our army and creditable to him—but I promised not to enter into military details, and shall therefore say no more on a subject upon which I could wish to dwell, but will endeavour to give you an idea of the appearance this corps made. Imagine a regiment, in which the men were almost all tall, their apparent height increased considerably by a peculiar kind of hat, dressed in rich and new uniforms, mounted upon these im-

mense animals, which they guided with such facility by a cord from the nostril, as really to be able to go through *cavalry manœuvres*; but, to complete the scene, you must imagine still more—you must see this body of *new fashioned centaurs, this Brobdignag cavalry*, through the medium of the *Mirage*, a phenomenon in optics, which is, I believe, peculiar to this part of the world; but as I have spared you the details of battles, you must spare me those of philosophy; I refer you, then, to Mr. Walker, and our other English Sçavants, to clear up the Mirage for you.

'Certain it is that the dromedary corps, through this medium, gave the idea of something supernatural, and as this country was the theatre of Alladin's adventures, but a slight stretch of fancy was required to imagine it produced by means of his wonderful lamp. The splendid scenery in Pizarro could not more astonish the eye than the appearance of this extraordinary body.'

The work contains many other particulars highly amusing, respecting the domestic manners of the Egyptians; and we have no doubt that it will be read with pleasure.—The plates (in acqua-tinta) are, a view of that part of the coast in Aboukir bay on which our army landed; a view of a village on the Nile; sketches of female figures, all very ugly; and a soldier of the French Dromedary-Corps mounted.

Fer.

Art. XIII. *The Importance of Malta considered*, in the Years 1796 and 1798; also Remarks which occurred during a Journey from England to India, through Egypt, in the Year 1779. By Mark Wood, Esq. M. P. late Chief Engineer, Bengal. 4to. pp. 78. 5s. Boards. Stockdale. 1803.

This publication consists of letters addressed by the author to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas, in November 1796, and April and Auguſt 1798; in which he demonstrates that the Importance of Malta is no recent idea, but must long ago have suggested itself to every one who adverted to the means of securing our Eastern possessions from the attacks of our restless and ambitious enemy. Colonel Wood was so fully impressed with this conviction in 1796, that he deemed it to be his duty, without loss of time, to transmit his thoughts to the then Minister. His statement is so luminous and concise, that our task in reporting it will be best performed by adopting his own words:

'The rich province of Egypt may be said to be contiguous to France, and remains an easy and tempting bait to the Republic, whenever she chooses to seize it.

'When I say that Egypt is contiguous to France, I wish only to express that its principal port, Alexandria, is within a few days sail of Toulon and of Marseilles. The French republic having Spain and Italy at her devotion, (which must undoubtedly be the case should we be expelled from the Mediterranean,) will be capable not only of undertaking,

undertaking, but of carrying into effect, projects, which, during the monarchy, she durst not have thought of, much less have acted upon. Having possession of Egypt, which unites the Mediterranean and Red Sea, the communication with India is expeditious and certain. In place of a traverse of five or six months round the Cape of Good Hope, with the casualties of such a voyage, the passage from Suez to any part of the coast of Malabar may be performed in less than one month, and to the coast of Coromandel nearly in the same time. Where then, gentlemen, will be the security of India, when, for every man we can send, the French will have the means of pouring in thousands?

'I know it may be argued, that there is some difficulty of finding transports in the Red Sea, and that an English fleet in the Straits of Babel Mandel will be a certain remedy for the apprehended evil. Whoever reasons in this manner, let me beg of him to reflect how many superior fleets we must thus be obliged to keep, to be guarded at every point; and whether or not the enormous expense of so many fleets and establishments would not, in the course of a little time, prove fatal to our country.

'It is better to foresee and prevent evils, than, by slumbering in a false security, suffer ourselves to be surprised. The possession of Malta, whilst it would give us the complete command of the Mediterranean, and of the Levant, and prove the most effectual curb that could be devised to the ambitious projects of the new republic; would, at the same time, be the most likely means of protecting our eastern empire, which otherwise must be subject to very imminent danger; and, although such an event may not happen immediately, yet I will venture to predict, that it will take place within a very few years after the re-establishment of a general peace.'

How are we to account for the present Ministry's conduct, in agreeing to the surrender of this important fortress; especially when Colonel Wood assures us, on his personal knowlege, that Mr. Addington entertained the same opinion on this head with himself?

The author's journey to the East Indies, through Germany to Venice, and thence along the Adriatic to Alexandria, Cairo, and Suez, and down the Red Sea, was undertaken by order of the Secret Committee of the East-India Directors, March 24, 1779. It was performed with all possible dispatch, and in course did not afford those opportunities for observation which are enjoyed by most travellers: but the remarks are amusing, and in some places important, as furnishing useful hints to those who may be appointed to pursue the same route. Notwithstanding several hindrances which Colonel Wood experienced, and against which he cautions future travellers to guard, he arrived at Alexandria May 16: on the 25th, he reached Suez; on the 27th, sailed thence; and on July 2d delivered his dispatches at Madras.

A memorandum, penned as he was sailing up the Nile, gives this sketch of Egypt:

'May 19th.—Had a very pleasant gale and fair wind blowing up the Nile the whole of this day; passed a number of beautiful towns and villages, scattered on the banks of the river.

'I occasionally went on shore with my gun, and killed a few pigeons and water fowl.

'The inhabitants of the country seem to be a very industrious and inoffensive race, and resemble very much in their manners and appearance the inhabitants of the banks of the Ganges. I not only amused myself in their fields, but entered their villages, and looked at their various employments, without meeting with the smallest obstruction or incivility. In some of their towns, I observed a manufactory of very handsome stuffs, silk and cotton, which are used for drawers and petticoats by the better sort of people; and their markets in the small towns seemed to be amply supplied with provisions.

'The mutton of Egypt is I think superior in flavour to that of any other part of the world, the beef is also good. Nothing appears wanting to make this delightful country one of the most agreeable in the world, excepting a mild good government, and it is only surprising, considering the frequent revolutions and despotism to which this country has been liable, to observe even now its apparently happy and flourishing state. Near the banks of the Nile the different seasons of the year appear united; for whilst on the high ground the fields were covered with rich crops of wheat, pease, and barley, ready to cut down, along the shelving banks of the river the natives were employed in thinning and transplanting luxuriant crops of rice, and towards Rozetto the grounds seemed to be cleaning and preparing for the receiving of this plant. From hence I conclude, that till the rice plants acquire a certain age, they are reared on the lower oozy and shelving banks of the river, and that the whole of the culture is in this manner; whereas in India the fields are generally sown, and the rice is only transplanted in the early crops, and when they are too luxuriant.'

We add an equally concise account of the Red Sea and of Suez:

'May 25th.—Observed our Sheick to move from our ground about two o'clock in the morning, and having suffered so much from the heat during the two preceding days, and understanding from Captain Robinson that the paths across the desart as far as Suez appeared to him to be so plainly marked, as not to run much risk of making a mistake, I determined to quit the caravan, and to make a push to get into Suez before the day should be much advanced. I accordingly quitted the caravan about half past three o'clock in the morning, and it being very clear moonlight, I found little difficulty in keeping the proper road. Going at a good pace, about eight o'clock in the morning I got sight of the Red Sea, apparently about twelve miles distant. Passed by several antelopes, and got a shot at one from horseback, but without success.

'The

'The top of the Red Sea is surrounded by lofty and craggy mountains, excepting a small opening towards Suez. Every thing wears a most barren dismal appearance, as neither tree, bush, nor the smallest verdure is to be seen as far as the eye can reach. The houses of Suez are nearly of the same colour as the sand, so that the town is not discernible till such time as you approach within the distance of a few miles; and had it not been for the shipping in the road, I should have been induced to have turned back, on the supposition of having made a mistake.

'I got into Suez about nine o'clock in the morning, and finding no person who could direct me to the house at which English gentlemen are generally accommodated, I took shelter in the first good house I met with on entering the town.

'The master was absent, but the servants were nevertheless very attentive. From the lesson which I had received from the old Arab Sheick, of the propensity which his brethren had for stealing horses, I was at first afraid to trust my mare with one of the servants, who very readily laid hold of my bridle; but considering that it would have a bad appearance to betray such a want of confidence, I was induced to dismount, was shewn into a large hall, on which was a Turkey carpet, and was quickly accommodated with a pipe, and dish of coffee. As chance would have it, it proved to be the house of the Turkish governor of Suez, who soon returned, and very politely invited me to breakfast with him in the Turkish manner, behaving to me in the most polite and hospitable style.'—

'May 27th.—About five o'clock in the evening weighed anchor, and with a strong gale at N. W. stood down the Red Sea. Till such time as we passed the mountains of Sinai and Zor, the Red Sea is very narrow, and apparently not more than five or six miles broad, barricaded on each side by high, rocky, and barren mountains. Immediately after passing the mountains of Sinai and Zor, the Red Sea gradually extends itself, and before we got opposite to the port of Juddah, we seldom saw the land on either side. Until of late years the navigation of the Red Sea has been very little known, and as northerly winds generally prevail in the upper part of the Gulph, betwixt Juddah and Suez, in which part are situated the only dangerous shoals, vessels have, on that account, made very tedious passages, having, on account of the shoals, lost, during the night, the ground which they gained during the day. As the shoals and channels begin at present to be very well known, this will no doubt greatly expedite the passage up the Red Sea.'

As this gentleman appears to be an accurate observer, the reader must lament that the nature of his mission did not allow him more time for the gratification of a laudable curiosity.

Mo-y.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

For OCTOBER, 1803.

HISTORY.

Art. 14. *History of the Union of the Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland*; with an Introductory Survey of Hibernian Affairs, traced from the Times of Celtic Colonization. By Charles Coote, LL.D. 8vo. pp. 530. 10s. 6d. Boards. Kearsley. 1802.

We agree in opinion with the author of this volume, that the union, which took place between the two kingdoms at the beginning of the present century, is a transaction of sufficient dignity and moment to claim the tribute of a distinct history; and that the causes which gave rise to it, the circumstances which attended its progress, the incidents by which it was hastened or retarded, and the successive adjustments of the terms of incorporation, demand a copious narrative, and require a fullness of illustration. It is not, however, in our power to compliment him on the execution of his design; because we think that something more was necessary than a transcript of the debates in the two houses of parliament. They are, in the language of the French writers, *mémoires pour servir à l'histoire*, but can scarcely be considered as forming the history of the transaction itself; they should be frequently and sedulously consulted, and in many instances may be abridged with advantage: but Dr. Coote has found it an easier and more expeditious mode of publication to give these speeches, which constitute the chief part of his work, with all their redundancies and repetitions, at full length; so that his production may not improperly be considered as a collection of debates in this and the neighbouring country on the subject of the Irish Union. '*The Survey of the Hibernian Affairs, traced from the Times of Celtic Colonization,*' is included in less than FIFTEEN pages!

S.R.

AGRICULTURE.

Art. 15. *The Speech of the Right Honourable Lord Carrington*, delivered at the Board of Agriculture, March 15, 1803. Printed by Order of the Board. 4to. Pamphlet.

In this speech, which is a neat specimen of gentlemanly oratory, Lord Carrington takes a retrospect of the conduct of the Board of Agriculture, during the three years of his presidency; explaining the objects to which the attention of the Board has been chiefly directed, and vindicating its proceedings. He represents it to have been their design, at their weekly meetings, 'to excite Emulation and promote Inquiry; to encourage and diffuse improvements in the construction and use of Instruments for abridging labour; in adapting a proper rotation of Crops, and a judicious selection of Manures, to different soils; and to endeavour, for all these purposes, to combine the results of Science with the practical knowledge of Agriculture: to discuss and consider new projects; to recommend such as are useful;

ful; to discountenance such as are visionary and impracticable; and, above all, to infuse into the minds of those honorary Members that come among us, a just sense of the importance of the study of Agriculture as a Science, and of the practice as an Art.'

The proceedings of the Board in consequence of the scarcity in the year 1800 having excited some animadversion, Lord C. passes them in review; justifying the advice which the society gave on that occasion, and recounting the efforts which it made to obtain a general inclosure bill. On this subject, he delivers his opinion with manliness and energy:

'The crisis in which the Bill was produced, was particularly favourable to it. A scarcity, almost approaching to a famine, existed, and this measure was loudly called for by the Publick. If, under such circumstances of pressure, those who had it in their power to administer the remedy, could suffer the passions, prejudices, or interests of others, so to mislead their judgment, what have we at this time to expect from the attempt? If, after the fatal experience of more than twenty millions sterling having been sent to foreign countries for the purchase of grain, within the short period of a very few years, they can shut their eyes upon the past, and consider the present abundance as perpetual; if they can still condemn millions of acres, which are capable of every kind of produce, to remain dreary wastes—I can impute it to little less than to a species of infatuation. The case seems to me desperate; and I may almost say of them, in the forcible language of Scripture, "Neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

Lord C. next recounts the pains taken by the Board in adjudging the premiums for Essays on "the best method of converting Grasslands into tillage, and, after a certain time, of restoring them to grass again, with improvements, or at least without injury," and their sedulous attention to avoid partiality. Between three and four hundred Essays were received on this subject, from which the Board selected matter for one volume *; and another, we find, is in readiness.

The harmony and cordiality which have prevailed at this Board are noticed with pride and satisfaction, and Lord C. does not omit to mention its economy and the good state of its finances. Moy.

MILITARY AFFAIRS.

Art. 16. *Elements of War:* or, Rules and Regulations of the Army, in Miniature: Shewing the Duty of a Regiment in every Situation. By Nathaniel Hood, Lieut. H. P. 40th Regiment. 12mo. 7s. sewed. Debrett.

The first part of this work contains the method of parading a battalion, and its different movements: the second includes the whole form of a review; and the third relates to the duties of the different officers and guards in camp and garrison; Courts Martial; Military rank and honours; &c. somewhat in the style of Captain Reide's Military Discipline.

Mr. Hood has interspersed some sensible general remarks, from which we extract the following:

* See Rev. Vol. xxxix. N. S. p. 59.

'Young

'Young officers should never be detached from head-quarters; nor should ensigns meet with any promotion till they clearly understood the system.—For this purpose, if boards of general officers, like courts of admiralty, were to meet, by order of commanders in chief, abroad and at home, to examine such ensigns as come forward recommended to be heard, and approve and disapprove according as found; granting certified qualifications, in order to entitle them to promotion as opportunity may present in turn; it would encourage the spirit of discipline, and every officer, rejected ensigns excepted, would be capable of his charge, and fit for the important trust of the public money and lives of thousands.'—

'Discipline is not to be promoted, however zealous the intent may be, by exercising the stern and haughty power of distinction out of place; nor will extreme unnecessary severity favour the attempt. If a deportment, founded on such principles, is held out to enforce obedience, obedience comes without respect: the rigid doctrine of an uniform austerity in man against man is waging war against nature. To hurt the feelings of the well-intended checks the progress of pursuit: it makes way for enmity, giving to secret opposition a place where all should link together, and in one united cause support the chain of rank.'—

'Regiments are deprived of their necessary numbers of officers by allowing field-officers companies: if they were otherwise recompensed, and each regiment allowed ten captains, it would add much to the good of the service. It would also be a farther addition, as well as a public saving, if his Majesty was pleased to grant no new commissions to private gentlemen whilst a single half-pay officer, able to serve, remained on the list. Farther, in time of peace, to dissolve the rank of ensign, giving place to lieutenants (their superiors), who otherwise fall back upon the present; the rotation of just promotion, in this case, would never be impeded.'

The first regulation proposed in this last paragraph has lately taken place.

VOYAGES.

Art. 17. *A Voyage Round the World;* performed during the Years 1790, 1791, and 1792. By Etienne Marchand. Preceded by a Historical Introduction, and illustrated by Charts, &c. Translated from the French of C. P. Claret Fleurieu, of the National Institute of Arts and Sciences, &c. 2 Vols. 8vo, and 4to Atlas. 1l. 11s. 6d. Boards. Longman and Rees.

An account of the Voyage of Captain Marchand, and of the various geographical remarks which M. Fleurieu has introduced in the work published with that title, has already been given by us at considerable length (see Appendix to our 33d, 34th, and 35th Volumes, N. S.). All that appears necessary to be done on the present occasion, therefore, is to notice the manner in which this translation has been executed.

In a prefatory advertisement, the editors inform the public that they were favoured with the fair sheets of the original by the author, M. Fleurieu. 'On comparing our translation with the original, (they say) it will be found that we have most scrupulously followed our Author from the beginning of his INTRODUCTION to the end of the JOUR-

NAL OF THE ROUTE. This comprises the whole of the NARRATIVE of MARCHAND'S voyage, and the NOTES relating to it. The two volumes of natural history, descriptive of the birds, fishes, &c. &c. seen in the course of the voyage, being intended more as a vehicle of instruction to navigators in general, than a fresh source of information to persons already versed in that interesting science, we have thought that those who might be desirous of reaping in so extensive a field would prefer consulting the original to having recourse to a translation; and, for that reason, we have declined rendering them into English. Impressed with the same idea, we have omitted the "*Recherches sur les Terres Australes de* DRAKE, *et un examen critique du Voyage de* ROGGEWEEN," which, together with the "*Systême métrique décimal appliqué à l'Hydrographie et aux calculs de la Navigation*," may be considered rather in the light of an Appendix than as forming an integral part of the original work.'

The parts which, in the foregoing extract, are mentioned to have been omitted, were so wholly unconnected with the voyage of Marchand, that the translators were fully intitled to the option of retaining or rejecting them.

They then proceed to state that, 'in the general chart exhibiting the tract of the *Solide*, as well as in the text, they have adhered to the *new hydrographical division and nomenclature* proposed by M. Fleurieu.' In doing this, the editors have gone beyond their original, and have likewise outstripped the limits of their own plan. M. Fleurieu, who wrote the *Observations sur la division hydrographique du Globe, et changemens proposés dans la nomenclature générale et particulière de l'Hydrographie*, did not advance his proposed changes into practice, but contented himself with using the customary and established names for the general chart which he published with the voyage of Marchand. When the translators chose to affix the names of the newly proposed nomenclature to their general chart, it became a matter of propriety, and almost of necessity, that M. Fleurieu's treatise on that head should have been included in their publication: yet it is one of the parts which they have omitted.—They have translated the whole of the narrative which relates to Marchand's voyage, and they appear to have rendered it with fidelity. In some parts, indeed, the original has been too closely followed; for in laboured passages, a translator ought to avail himself of opportunities of clearing the sense by varying the expression, when it can be done with advantage, and without departing from the ideas of the author.

Capt. B....y.

MATHEMATICS.

Art. 18. *A Treatise on the Motion of Fluids, Natural and Artificial:* in which that of Air and Water is particularly considered, and demonstrated in a plain and familiar Manner. Illustrated with Copper Plates. By M. Clare, A. M. Revised and corrected, with considerable Additions, by R. Hall, M. D. 8vo. pp. 380. 10s. 6d. Boards. Vernor and Hood. 1802.

This is one of those treatises of which we are compelled to speak in general terms. It is on the whole ably executed, but we would not undertake to defend it throughout, in all its reasonings and conjectures.

jectures. The facts and explanations which it contains are not new, but they are skilfully arranged and treated; and without great labour or preparatory study, a perusal of it will convey information, some practically useful, and much pleasantly curious.—Of the degree of merit that belongs to the present editor for his corrections and augmentations, we are unable to speak, as our endeavours to procure the original work have proved unsuccessful. R.W.

Art. 19. *A clear and satisfactory Demonstration of the Longitude;* and also, a Demonstration of the Surface of the Earth; with an Attempt to explain the Error in our present System. 4to. 5s. Winbolt and Co.

Be it known to all Mathematicians, to those who have long and unadvisedly admired Euclid, Archimedes, and Newton, that a certain computist (we are ignorant of his name) has, by long and laborious investigation, discovered that the surfaces of the spheres are *not* four times the area of their great circles; that the circumference of a circle is to its diameter *not* as 3.1416, &c. : 1, but as 3.2 : 1; that a *square* is to its *diagonal* as 5 : 7; &c.; besides a great number of other important facts. Now, therefore, we, styling ourselves critics, and professing to love truth better than either Socrates or Plato, do earnestly intreat the said Mathematicians to divest themselves of all prejudice and vulgar errors, and to prepare with all humility their minds for the reception of the great truths contained in this new Gospel of Mathematical Science. D.o

POLITICAL.

Art. 20. *Buonaparte in the West Indies; or, the History of Toussaint Louverture, the African Hero.* In Three Parts. 8vo. 3d. each Part. Hatchard.

Since friends are prone to extenuate and panegyrize, and enemies to degrade and calumniate, it is difficult for the public to obtain the real characters of men; and the only rule for avoiding gross error is to make reasonable allowances for the prejudices and motives of either party. If the life of Toussaint by Dubroca (see M. Rev. Vol. xxxviii. p. 332. N. S.) was published at Paris in order to blacken his reputation, this pamphlet is as evidently composed to wash it white, and to give it brilliancy. The African Hero is here celebrated for his piety, humanity *, noble sentiments, and honourable conduct; while the proceedings of Bonaparte towards him and the negroes of St. Domingo are represented as full of baseness, treachery, and cruelty. In resisting the propositions of Coisnon, which were artfully made under circumstances of the most affecting kind, this biographer speaks of Toussaint's strength and magnanimity as derived from divine assistance: 'I doubt not that, at this trying moment, he thought of the heroism of the Cross, and was strengthened from above.' We more than doubt the propriety of such an assertion, being confident that it is no real embellishment to the narrative.

* 'There is, in spite of slander, no just ground to believe that one drop of blood not shed fairly in the field, and in the heat of action, ever tarnished the glory of Toussaint.'

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An uniform strain of encomium on the African hero pervades these pages:

'He never despaired of the cause of freedom, never offered to abandon it; but still preferred all the dangers and sufferings of war, to a peace which would have placed him in safety, riches, and power, but which must have been bought at the expence of his honour and virtue, or, let me rather say, of his duty to God. Worldly men may be thought staunch patriots, and may think themselves so; but there are cases too trying for any virtue that is not rooted in religion. To devote himself to the public good, and sacrifice all that is dear to him, even life itself, when the very people for whom all this is to be suffered distrust, forsake, and betray their generous champion, is a flight of virtue too high for any one who does not, like Toussaint, expect his praise and his reward in a better world.'

With a virtuous enmity to slavery and the slave-trade, this writer pours forth the full current of his indignation on the object and measures of Bonaparte in the expedition to St. Domingo, and rejoices in its complete failure.

Entering on the last act of his Hero's life, the author thanks God that, though a white man, he is not a Frenchman; and if the charges here adduced against our enemies respecting their perfidy, barbarity, and dishonour, be well founded, he may justly be allowed to boast of a *negative* pride in not belonging to that nation.

After a series of cruel sufferings in cold and damp dungeons, Toussaint died, if we may credit the French papers, in the prison of Besançon, on the 25th of April last; and he 'is gone (to use the words of his present biographer) to reap the fruits of his virtues in that happier world, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

An Appendix is promised, in which the innocence of this African Chief is to be proved on the testimony of his enemies. Mo-y.

Art. 21. *A Letter to the Right Hon. Henry Addington, on the Principles of Paper Loans*, and their Influence on National Power. 8vo. 1s. Scott.

In strict propriety, we ought not to say that things are dearer than they were formerly, but that money is cheaper; and this cheapness of money arises from its abundance, or rather from the abundance of that which passes for money, and in a great measure supplies its place; for the quantity of Coin is not increased, but has suffered a visible diminution. Articles of trade and commerce are more likely to be kept at a low and uniform price by the use of metallic money employed as the medium of exchange, than by the substitution of paper-money; since the quantity of coin is limited, while paper currency may be multiplied *ad libitum*. When, however, the issue of paper-money has been excessive, it is much easier to lament the evils which it has created, than to apply a safe and practicable remedy. It must be remarked, also, that, if the introduction of the paper medium has been attended with some bad effects, and may (unless great prudence be employed) produce certain fatal consequences, it has served very good purposes, in as much as it has enlarged the sphere of the national

tional energy.—The writer of this pamphlet espouses only one side of the question, and the substance of his argument is thus compressed in the Advertisement:

'The letter endeavours to shew, that loans of paper make no part of national wealth—that paying interest for paper does not replenish the public treasury, enriches only lenders of paper, and is therefore an unnecessary burden upon the people—that converting this paper into money increases the expences of government, of industry, of trade, and of commerce, and turns the balance of trade and course of exchange against England—that this tax and conversion are therefore injurious to all who feel interested in the government, the prosperity and the independence of England—that they aid foreigners and lenders of paper, and those only—and that allowing loans of paper, is therefore at this time peculiarly improper—that prohibiting those loans, would reduce the expences of industry, of trade, of commerce, and of *government*—that the taxes now paid for paper, if continued after the proposed prohibition, would not be given to lenders of paper, but might be applied to the *public revenue,* which to the government would open new and legitimate sources of taxation—or if those taxes should be discontinued, this discontinuance would ease the *people*—consequently that it is the interest of the people and of the government, (and these two constitute the public,) to prohibit those loans—and that this prohibition would encourage the industry, the trade, the commerce—would increase the population, the unanimity, the wealth, the strength; and facilitate the defence of the people, the government, and the kingdom of England.'

It is certainly one of the evils of the paper-money system, that it gives an undue advantage to the lenders or issuers of paper; who, in fact, have a mint of their own; and while the Bank is restrained from cash payments, to paper loans only can the Minister have recourse. A Government, like ours, when it appears to borrow to the amount of the debt which it has contracted, does in fact neither borrow nor pay; it only enables those who are public creditors in one shape to become public creditors in another.

Moy.

Art. 22. *An Appeal to the People of the United Kingdoms,* against the insatiable Ambition of Bonaparte: preceded by a Vindication of their Character, with Reference to the Peace of Amiens. 8vo. pp. 260. 4s. Mawman. 1803.

In addition to the numerous sketches which have already been given, of the domineering system of Bonaparte, we are furnished by the present writer with a whole-length picture of his ambition; in which every feature is carefully and patiently delineated. Rejoicing in the freedom of the British press, and believing the present circumstances of Europe to demand its exercise in a peculiar degree, the author boldly makes his appeal to the people of the United Kingdom; minutely commenting on the behaviour of Bonaparte relative to Switzerland, Holland, Piedmont, and his election to the Presidency of the Italian Republic; adverting also to the confiscations of the Fame packet and the brig George, and to the conduct of the Consular Government towards the British creditors in French funds.

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These facts are adduced to prove that Bonaparte, from the first moment of peace, proceeded in his course of ambition with an uniform stride, and evinced an irreconcileable hatred to Britain.

The author expresses his disapprobation of the late peace; which, he observes, not only excited on the Continent an idea that we were exhausted, and that our spirit was fallen, but afforded during its continuance an opportunity to the Consul, of enjoying all the fruits of successful hostility without any of its cares. It is needless to add that he is pleased that such a peace is at an end, and that we are engaged in a war which is levelled against an imperious and insulting power. Though the case of Malta and Sabastiani's report are noticed, the idea that we are contending *for* Malta is scouted. War, or our eternal humiliation, is conceived to be the sole alternative; and the author is of opinion that it was fortunate that the stubborn mind of the First Consul rejected our ultimatum. Under this impression, he advises us to prepare for the most vigorous conflict; reminding Ministers of their awful responsibility, and warning the people of the burdens and hardships to which they must of necessity submit. He concludes with this animated address:

'BRITONS! you have now beheld all that imagination can descry as appalling in your prospects—May you not equally attend to the glory and the honors which reason anticipates or assures?—You stand forth to Europe, immediately indeed to repel dishonor; but not the less to guard the freedom of the press from persevering hostility—that sacred barrier, but for which tyranny, hypocrisy, and impiety might now pass current throughout the world for magnanimity, virtue, and religion.—You wield the weapons of war to strike into a callous heart the full belief that humanity may be the source of a love of peace as well as weakness or timidity. In short, experience nerves your arms with the conviction that *that* tranquillity, *that* justice, and those advantages which chiefly constitute peace a blessing, are with Bonaparte only to be enjoyed after a war that shall engrave on his mind the lasting conviction that Britons *cannot* be subdued.'

This sentiment seems to be general; and Britons are prepared to show themselves worthy of Independence, Liberty, and Peace. May.

Art. 23. *The Reason Why.* In Answer to a Pamphlet intitled Why do we go to War?* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Stockdale.

It is almost impossible to bring a new argument into this field of discussion: but the writer of this pamphlet reasons with great clearness, and makes out a strong case in our favour. The question *why do we go to war?* is answered by an exposure of the insulting arrogance and the hostile designs of France against this country. Instead of entering into the particulars of the argument, which have been often repeated, we shall extract a short passage into which its essence is condensed:—'The war was not only necessary to our prosperity, our honour, and our defence, but to our very salvation and existence; and which, so far from being a subject of reprobation and regret, is the only event that could snatch us from bondage and perdi-

* See our Review for August.

tion.'

tion.'—War, however, is a very awful measure; and the author of the pamphlet intitled "Why do we go to war?" might lament so speedy an unsheathing of the sword, and even write in favour of peace, without incurring the imputation of being a champion of France. The weight of evidence, in support of the necessity of the present war, is apparent in the unprecedented unanimity of the people; and we are clearly of opinion, with the writer before us, that 'to demur about the assertion of national independence is a desperate experiment.' Mo-y.

Art. 24. *A Friendly Address to the Volunteers of Great Britain.* 8vo. 6d. Rivingtons.

The author of this well-timed address endeavours to correct some of the evils to which the volunteer-system is obnoxious. He exhorts the volunteers to become *soldiers in earnest*, and, with that view, to submit to all the training and discipline which is necessary to constitute an effective military force. This short pamphlet, being entirely of a practical nature, ought to be generally perused.—We understand that the public are indebted for it to the Rev. Mr. Patteson, of Richmond, Surrey. Do

Art. 25. *Advice addressed to the Lower Ranks of Society*, useful at all Times, more especially in the present. By Wm. Burdon, A.M. 8vo. 6d. Ostell.

That Fortune confers Independence is the general opinion: but Mr. Burdon's doctrine is that the labouring poor are the most independent rank in society, and that labour is the best sort of property. He *kindly* informs the Poor, that it is for their interest not to multiply too fast; and he *particularly* advises them to keep down their numbers, by avoiding early marriages, that they may command good wages. It may be asked, however, if Poverty be such a blessing, Why should the industrious poor restrain their natural appetites for the sake of good wages, which will tend to make them rich?

Adverting to the present circumstances of the country, Mr. Burdon calls on the lower ranks to join with their superiors in resisting the Invader, who has 'compelled the Swiss cottager to feed on acorns and wild fruit,' and who is bent on taking our all from us, whether rich or poor. We fear that the Lower Ranks will not admire Mr. B.'s logic. Do

Art. 26. *A Serious Address to the Public, upon the present Times:* and more particularly to the Religious Part of it. 8vo. 1s. Rivingtons.

This pamphlet, which is partly of a political and partly of a religious complexion, commences with a view of the nature of the present war; which is represented to be something more than a war with Bonaparte;—to be a war with the French nation, who are and would be, whether their present ruler existed or not, bent on our subjugation and overthrow; and who, in this attempt, have at least the good wishes of the surrounding nations. Some degree of fear and alarm must almost necessarily attach to such a sentiment, yet the author does not despair; especially if we contend against the foe with

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our bibles, as well as with our swords. Considering the legitimate defence of a country to consist in the number of those who live up to that line of duty which Christianity requires of them, he exerts himself to diffuse its spirit and practice, in order that the lives of men may correspond with their professions. He recommends the Study of the Scriptures, Prayer, the devout observance of the Sabbath, Public Worship, the Reception of the Sacrament, and the religious Instruction of the rising Generation. Our fair Countrywomen are addressed on the virtues of modesty and decorum in dress, and our Soldiers in Arms on the importance of the Christian Warfare; and the author quotes the words of Bishop Sanderson: "Fighting without prayer is Atheism, and Prayer without fighting is Presumption." Mo-y.

Art. 27. *A Brief Answer to "A Few Cursory Remarks on the present State of Parties by a Near Observer."* 8vo. 2s. Budd.

If this writer does not wield the pen with such dexterity as his antagonist, he is equally zealous for his party; and he vehemently resists the attacks, both direct and indirect, made on Mr. Pitt and the members of the late administration, in the pamphlet * to which this is designed as an Answer. 'Mr. Pitt (says this writer) is no more to be blamed for refusing to act with Mr. Addington and his friends, to the exclusion of his own, than a mechanic would be, for refusing to repair a house with blunt and broken tools, when new and sharp-edged instruments lay at hand, the use of which was denied him.' Mr. Addington and his coadjutors having been once compared to blunt and broken tools, the blow is followed up; and a sanguine hope is expressed that, before many months are elapsed, we shall see them dismissed, and the members of the old administration actively co-operating in their endeavours to save the country, and inflict severe vengeance on our inveterate foe.—It is common with party-writers to insinuate that the country cannot be saved unless their friends are at the head of affairs. Do.

Art. 28. *Reflections on the late Elections in the County of Cambridge;* with incidental Remarks on the present State of the Nation. By a Freeholder of that County. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Hatchard.

From the fens of Cambridgeshire (a county which, though possessing a celebrated University, is here said to be almost lost in Cimmerian darkness,) we are taken into the House of Commons; and from the British House of Parliament, to Bonaparte and Tippoo Saib. Readers who are not intimately acquainted with the particulars of the late Cambridgeshire Election will not understand these reflections; and they who do will not perceive their connection with the other parts of the pamphlet. The author, however, is a man of extensive reading, of which he has made a liberal use; and he has endeavoured to sketch the characters of our chief statesmen and politicians, for the purpose of throwing light on the present state of parties: which perhaps in his opinion is synonymous with *the present state of the Nation.* Some observations are introduced on the pamphlet, intitled "*A Few Cursory Remarks on the State of Parties;*" and the

* See our Review for August.

political portraits of Lords Grenville, Temple, and Hawkesbury, and of Messrs. Pitt, Addington, Fox, Sheridan, Windham, Tierney, &c. are exhibited. The present Minister is said 'to have the spirit of an Englishman, but to want *strength*, which he will acquire neither by detracting from others, nor by panegyrizing himself, nor allowing, which is the same thing, his immediate adherents to do so for him.'

Bonaparte is compared to a burnt-out-comet; and his successful opponent, Sir Sidney Smith, is complimented with the title of *the hero and saviour of Palestine.*

Moy.

MEDICAL, &c.

Art. 29. *A Short Essay on the Nature and Cause of Influenza;* in which the important Question is discussed, Whether the Influenza is contagious or not? With Answers to the Questions of Dr. Beddoes, proposed in his Circular Letters to the different Medical Practitioners. To which *is* added, Observations on the Cause of the London Plague in 1665; together with a Hint for stopping the Ravages of the Yellow Fever in the West Indies. 8vo. 1s. Murray.

In considering the question of the contagious nature of the late Influenza, the writer of this essay seems to have attended little to evidence on the subject; and he forms his opinion in the affirmative, for a reason which will not impress our readers with a high idea of his judgment, viz. 'because the plurality of cases discovered the type of the attendant fever to approach for the most part to a typhoid nature.' By this expression, he means that the debility was considerable, that the inflammatory symptoms were slight, and therefore that the disease was of a typhoid nature, and was necessarily infectious. The origin of this epidemic he conceives to have been the gentle frost, with 'a keen piercing wind,' which succeeded a series of 'mild and moist weather with very little dry frost;' and thus, that it was produced at first by a change in the atmosphere, though it was afterward propagated by contagion.

The plague is asserted by this author to have originated from a state of the weather opposite to that which he supposes to have produced Influenza, namely, a mild temperature, succeeding long-continued frost. His hint with regard to the yellow fever is that, as a moderate degree of warmth is most favourable to health in the West Indies, care should be taken to reduce the temperature of the atmosphere, by watering the streets during the heat of the day, at the public expence.

Yell.

Art. 30. *The Domestic Medical Guide;* or, Complete Companion to the Family Medicine Chest; comprizing, in addition to the former Edition, the Management of Children, Treatment of Poisons, Recovery of Drowned Persons, Method of destroying Contagion by Fumigation; with a more copious Account of Diseases, and the most rational Mode of Treatment, &c. By Richard Reece, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London. 8vo. pp. 308. 6s. Boards. Highley.

We learn that Mr. Reece has established a Medical and Chemical Hall, for the purpose of making chemical and pharmaceutical preparations,

rations, in strict adherence to the formulæ and instructions of the London College; and *the Domestic Medical Guide* may in some degree be considered as an advertisement for the purpose of making this circumstance known, and of informing the world of the contents, structure, and prices of the various medicine-chests which the author prepares for sale. In order, however, that the purchasers may be enabled to employ them with advantage, or at least may not be entirely ignorant of their use, he has given the properties and doses of the several medicines which they contain, at considerable length, and has also gone into a general alphabetical account of the nature and cure of diseases; with the hopes, more particularly, of assisting such persons as are remote from medical advice.

Yell.

Art. 31. *An Account of the Discovery of the Power of Mineral Acid Vapours to destroy Contagion.* By John Johnstone, M. D. 8vo. 1s. Mawman. 1803.

At the time of an application being made to Parliament by Dr. Carmichael Smyth, for a remuneration on account of his successful employment of the fumes of nitrous acid in the destruction of contagion, it was admitted that the vapours of muriatic acid had been employed by Morveau, some years before, for the same purpose: but, at the same time, it was contended that the pleasantness, mildness, and safety of the former, if not its superior efficacy, rendered its first adoption a proper object of national reward. The author of the present pamphlet considers the operation of all mineral acid vapours as of the same kind, and therefore cannot admit that the mere change from the use of one to another of them can be regarded as a discovery, when the effects produced by a particular species were before clearly and unequivocally ascertained. This objection is applied to the originality of Dr. Smyth's claims; and to those of Morveau, the author presents the previous employment of muriatic acid vapour evolved from common salt by means of vitriolic acid, by his father Dr. Jas. Johnstone, of Worcester, previously to the year 1756. The efficacy of this practice was communicated to the world in the year 1758, in a work intitled, "An Historical Dissertation concerning the malignant Epidemical Fever of 1756, with some account of the malignant Diseases prevailing since the year 1752 in Kidderminster *," which is said to have attracted so much notice, that the 'whole edition was quickly sold.' The same practice was familiar to several practitioners in Worcester and its neighbourhood, and was mentioned by Dr. James Johnstone jun. in a treatise on the Sore-throat, published in the year 1779 †. These facts, with some others in confirmation of them, the author considers it his duty to bring forwards, in order to vindicate the claim of his father to the discovery of the power of mineral acids correcting febrile contagion. As it has been denied that the muriatic acid possesses this power in an equal degree with the nitrous, or that it can be used with the same safety and convenience, Dr. J. mentions a number of facts, from which he infers 'that the muriatic is equally efficacious, and may be used at least with equal convenience with the nitrous, that it is equally mild, and equally safe in like quantities.'

* See Rev. Vol. xviii. p. 244. † Rev. Vol lxi. p. 29.

Dr. Johnstone seems to have fully substantiated the claims of his father, as the discoverer of the destructive power of the mineral acids in contagion. With regard to the differences, in point of efficacy or pleasantness, of the nitrous compared with the muriatic, they appear, from what we have seen of their use, to be very trifling. Yell.

Art. 32. *The Report on the Cowpock Inoculation*, from the Practice at the Vaccine-Pock Institution, during the years 1800, 1801, and 1802; read at the General Meeting of the Governors, February 7th, 1803, at the Shakspeare Tavern; written by the Physicians to the Institution; to which are prefixed two painted Engravings of the Cowpock, and other Eruptions. 8vo. pp. 136. 6s. Boards. Becket, &c.

At the commencement of this report, a short view is given of the history of vaccine inoculation, and of the establishment of an institution for the purpose of favouring its introduction and disseminating its advantages. This is followed by a statement, in the form of propositions, of the principal facts relating to the cowpock, which have either been ascertained by the reporters, or by others who have paid particular attention to the subject.—The latter part of the work is occupied by some additional observations, which have occurred since the reading of this communication at the general meeting, and with the third annual report of the Vaccine-pock inoculation; in which last are contained the rules of the charity and a list of its governors.

The numbers inoculated for three years, up to December 1802, have been as follow:

From the 18th Jan. to the 31st Dec. were inoculated,	317
From the 1st Jan. 1801, to Dec. 31st, - -	287
From the 1st Jan. 1802, to Dec. 31st, 1802, -	569
	1173

Most of the facts mentioned in this report having been already communicated to the public through other channels, it becomes unnecessary to enter into any detailed account of them. We shall only farther observe that it does not appear to the reporters, from some statements made from the bills of mortality, that we are yet warranted in drawing any conclusions concerning the effects of the new practice on population. Do

Art. 33. *Useful Hints to those who are afflicted with Ruptures:* on the Nature, Cure, and Consequences of the Disease; and on the Empirical Practices of the present Day. By T. Sheldrake, Truss-maker to the Westminster Hospital. 8vo. pp. 160. 5s. Boards. Sold by the Author.

Mr. Sheldrake considers the declaration of an ability to make such trusses as will invariably suit all cases, as an instance of gross empiricism. He therefore takes considerable pains to convince such as may be interested in the subject, that it is necessary to obtain early and effectual surgical advice on the nature of their cases; and to employ, in procuring a truss, the labours of such as may be able to adapt it to the particular formation of the parts, and other attendant circumstances. The elastic circular truss is that which the author recommends, and it is particularly required that it should be strong enough to keep up the rupture, yet not so inflexible as to inconvenience

ence the body. The various observations which Mr. S. makes on the empirical practices of the present day, on the principles of truss-making, and on the proper mode of a patient's managing himself under this complaint, terminate, with the volume, in giving us the information that, at the author's manufactory, trusses, and the various instruments used by him for correcting deformities in children, are made with every attention to accuracy; and that, from the precautions which he is able to adopt by the division of labour, no one person can ever become acquainted with the peculiar practical application of his principles, so as to be enabled to copy his improvements.

The principal part of the volume is occupied by strictures, frequently extremely personal and offensive, though sometimes amusing, on the various plans which the vanity, interest, or philanthropy of individuals may have induced them to lay before the public, for the relief of those who are affected with ruptures.

Art. 34. *Observations on Crural Hernia:* to which is prefixed, a general Account of the other Varieties of Hernia. Illustrated by Engravings. By Alex. Monro, jun. M.D. F.R.S.E. and Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in the University of Edinburgh. 8vo. 7s. 6d. Boards. Longman and Rees. 1803.

Dr. Monro seems to have devoted considerable attention to the various observations on the subject of aneurism, which are to be found in the works of surgical writers; and from them, rather than from an extensive experience of his own, he has furnished a judicious and useful essay. Before he enters on the consideration of that species of this disease, which it is his more peculiar object to illustrate, he premises a general account of the nature and various forms of hernia.—Among the varieties of ventral hernia, which he has occasion to enumerate, he mentions a curious one which occurred to his father, Dr. Monro, sen., and Dr. Farquharson. Two tumours, situated one on each side of the back of a child, six months old, immediately under the false ribs, were found, on accurate examination, to contain each a kidney; which could readily be reduced, through an oval ring of a considerable size.—A singular instance of internal protrusion of the intestines is also given, on the authority of Dr. Rutherford: in which case there was a preternatural aperture in the mesentery, through which a portion of the ileum had protruded, and was strangulated; the bowels being twisted in a very extraordinary manner The patient (a female) died in consequence of inflammation in the bowels; and, on examination, the portion of the ileum which passed through the mesentery was found to be strangulated.

In his descriptions of the parts concerned in crural hernia, the author acknowleges his obligations to Albinus and Gimbernat: but, in order to be more accurate and perspicuous, he has paid particular attention to the dissection of those parts, and has annexed some engravings designed to illustrate their nature and relative position. In his account of the situation of the blood-vessels, with respect to the herniary sac, he mentions various peculiarities in the position of the epigastric and obturator arteries, in order to point out the danger of dividing one of them in the operation.—The other parts of his observations are occupied with an examination of the nature of the herniary

sac and its contents. and with the diagnosis, prognosis, and method of operating in crural hernia.—In the last mentioned article, he quotes Gimbernat's method of operating in his own words, and also annexes that which is recommended by Dr. Monro, sen. in his lectures. The former has long been before the public; it consists in opening the herniary sac, and introducing along the internal side of the intestines into the crural ring a canulated or grooved sound, with a blunt end; and this is to be followed by a bistoury with a narrow blade and blunt end, which is to be introduced through the ring by the groove of the sound. —The bistoury is then to be pressed cautiously 'to the end of the canal;' and, employing both hands at once, 'both instruments are to be carried close along the branch to the body of the pubis, drawing them out at the same time.' The other plan of operating is the following:

"In the femoral hernia, the external incision is to be made obliquely, from within, outwards and downwards, beginning the incision an inch or so above the tendon called ligament of Fallopius, and continuing it to the like distanee below the ligament.

"We are next to make a small hole, immediately below the ligament in the tendinous aponeurosis, which covers the muscles on the inner side of the thigh, and is connected to the ligament.

"We are then to introduce the point of a small furrowed probe or directory under the ligament; and holding this in the oblique direction upwards, towards the umbilicus, we are cautiously and slowly to divide, with the straight probe pointed knife, one little bundle of the tendinous fibres after another, using the knife as a saw, instead of entering its point deep within the tendon, and then raising its handle, so as to make a large sweep or extensive incision with the edge of the knife.

"I advise the edge of the knife to be turned towards the umbilicus; because, if it be turned inwards, towards the ring of the external oblique muscle, as Le Dran directs, it will very readily cut the spermatic chord, or round ligament of the uterus; and, if it is turned outwards, as Mr. Sharp advises, it may readily cut the epigastric artery; but when we turn it towards the umbilicus, it will be directed to the place at which the spermatic chord and epigastric artery cross each other, like the strokes of the letter x, and of course will be at the greatest possible distance from both.

"If, besides giving the knife this direction, we slowly and cautiously divide the tendinous ligament, dilating the opening gradually by introducing the finger, I know, not only from the situation of parts in the sound body, but from a considerable number of cases, in which I have assisted in the operation, that the tendinous ligament may be completely divided without cutting the spermatic chord, or epigastric artery."

Dr. M. seems to give the preference to Gimbernat's mode of operating: but he objects to the plan recommended by that writer, of opening the herniary sac, which allows the approach of air, and thus gives rise to considerable inflammation To support his observations on the last point, he subjoins in an appendix, a long extract from his father's work on *Bursæ Mucosæ**, in which this subject is particularly noticed.

* See Rev. Vol. lxxix. p. 497.

Yell.

Art.

POETRY.

Art. 35. *Rural Tales, Ballads, and Songs*. By Robert Bloomfield, Author of the Farmer's Boy. Crown 8vo. 4s. Boards. Vernor and Hood. 1802.

The author of this small miscellany is already well known to the public, and we have had occasion to speak favourably of his first performance *. In the verses before us, we perceive similar efforts of an ingenious mind, combating the disadvantages of early education, with a degree of modesty which inclines us to allow the writer the fullest credit for his success. At the same time it is necessary to observe that, in consideration of the deficiencies above mentioned, we overlook several faults which would require animadversion under different circumstances; and that we cannot by any means regard these poems as finished pieces. They derive a strong interest, however, from the truth and simplicity with which they paint the manners of a humble but respectable race,—the labouring poor. Mr. Bloomfield has expressed himself on this subject with great propriety, in his Preface:

'I was not prepared for the decided, and I may surely say extraordinary attention which the Public has shewn towards the Farmer's Boy: the consequence has been such as my true friends will rejoice to hear; it has produced me many essential blessings. And I feel peculiarly gratified in finding that a poor man in England may assert the dignity of Virtue, and speak of the imperishable beauties of Nature, and be heard, and heard, perhaps, with greater attention for his being poor.'

The author mentions, also, with becoming gratitude, of the friendship of Mr. Lofft: but we are of opinion that the zeal of that gentleman has led him beyond the bounds of critical discretion, in the applauding observations which he has annexed to each of the poems. It is no real kindness to Mr. B. to compare him with Dryden †. Let us forbear such injustice to the mighty dead: Dryden's lyre has never been new-strung.

We could with much pleasure select many passages from this miscellany: but we must beware of despoiling a volume of this moderate size. Our readers will be glad to see the following short poem, which is written with real feeling and simplicity:

'THE WIDOW TO HER HOUR-GLASS.

I.

'Come, friend, I'll turn thee up again:
Companion of the lonely hour!
Spring thirty times hath fed with rain
And cloath'd with leaves my humble bower,
Since thou hast stood
In frame of wood,
On Chest or Window by my side:
At every Birth still thou wert near,
Still spoke thine admonitions clear.—
And, when my Husband died,

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* See Rev. Vol. xxxiii. N. S. p. 50.

† P. 34 (note). Again, note on p. 58.

2.

'I've often watch'd thy streaming sand
And seen the growing Mountain rise,
And often found Life's hopes to stand
On props as weak in Wisdom's eyes:
Its conic crown
Still sliding down,
Again heap'd up, then down again;
The sand above more hollow grew,
Like days and years still filt'ring through,
And mingling joy and pain.

3.

'While thus I spin and sometimes sing,
(For now and then my heart will glow)
Thou measur'st Time's expanding wing:
By thee the noontide hour I know:
Though silent thou,
Still shalt thou flow,
And jog along thy destin'd way:
But when I glean the sultry fields,
When Earth her yellow Harvest yields,
Thou gett'st a Holiday.

4.

'Steady as Truth on either end
Thy daily task performing well,
Thou'rt Meditation's constant friend,
And strik'st the Heart without a Bell:
Come, lovely May!
Thy lengthen'd day
Shall gild once more my native plain;
Curl inward here, sweet Woodbine flow'r;—
"Companion of the lonely hour,
I'll turn thee up again."

We add the following song, as a specimen of Mr Bloomfield's gayer composition:

'ROSY HANNAH.

1.

'A Spring o'erhung with many a flow'r,
The grey sand dancing in its bed,
Embank'd beneath a Hawthorn bower,
Sent forth its waters near my head:
A rosy Lass approach'd my view;
I caught her blue eye's modest beam,
The stranger nodded "how d'ye do!"
And leap'd across the infant stream.

2.

'The water heedless pass'd away:
With me her glowing image stay'd.
I strove, from that auspicious day,
To meet and bless the lovely Maid.

'I met

3.

'I met her where beneath our feet
Through downy Moss the wild-Thyme grew;
Nor Moss elastic, flow'rs though sweet,
Match'd Hannah's cheek of rosy hue.

4.

'I met her where the dark Woods wave,
And shaded verdure skirts the plain;
And when the pale Moon rising gave
New glories to her cloudy train.
From her sweet Cot upon the Moor
Our plighted vows to Heaven are flown;
Truth made me welcome at her door,
And rosy Hannah is my own.'

We shall conclude by recommending this volume to the lovers of Pastoral Simplicity and unaffected Morality.

A volume of Poems by this author's Brother will be mentioned in our next Number. Fer.

Art. 36. *Terrible Tractoration!!* a Poetical Petition against Galvanizing Trumpery, and the Perkinistic Institution. In Four Cantos. Most respectfully addressed to the Royal College of Physicians. By Christopher Caustic, M.D., &c. 2d Edition, with great Additions. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. Boards. Hurst. 1803.

A prudent General, when he finds himself baffled in one mode of attack, tries a different disposition. In like manner, some friend to the doughty Tractors, having thought Mr. Perkins sorely galled in pedestrian prose, has brought up Pegasus (the Parnassian cavalry) to support him: but we apprehend that he has been deceived in the choice of his Steed, which appears to be a jade, and that he is not sufficiently drilled to be fit for action; he certainly is quite premature in offering himself to be *revieved*.

To drop the figure; this book contains an ironical attack on the Opponents of the Tractors, in Hudibrastic Verse, which resembles that of Butler only in the jingle. From some of the rhymes, we should suspect the author to come "*frae the North*;" for example,

'Just so the ancient poets *learn* us
That crows, which flew o'er lake Avernus'—

To *learn*, instead of *teach*, is a rank Scotticism; as well as *just so*.

In another couplet, the Satirist has sinned against *quantity*;

——— as terrible to see as
The hundred-handed Briarēus.

With this consummate knowlege of English and Latin, Dr. Caustic sets up as a Reformer of the whole Faculty in England, and as the *lengthy* Vindicator of the American Magus—

"*Et vitula tu dignus, et hic!*"

It would contribute nothing to the amusement of our readers, to make any farther observations on or extracts from this farrago. The

author is indeed a most unlucky advocate; for he reduces the question to this dilemma (p. 112.), that every Physician in England is a knave, or that the Tractors are an imposition.—We leave our readers to draw their own conclusion. **Fer.**

EDUCATION.

Art. 37. *The Etymology and Syntax of the English Language.* By the Reverend Alexander Crombie, LL.D. 8vo. 5s. 6d. Boards. Johnson.

It has been a just subject of reproach to many good classical scholars of former times, that, while they devoted much critical study to the grammatical niceties of the Latin and Greek tongues, they were barbarians (as the Greeks would say) in regard to their vernacular idiom. The great attention and philosophical investigation, which learned men of the present age have directed to the subject of grammar, have contributed in a great measure to remove this censure; and among the labours of those who have distinguished themselves in this department of science, the public will deservedly reckon the ingenious and careful researches of Dr. Crombie.—From our inspection of this volume, we perceive that the Doctor, though he fairly appreciates the labours of his predecessors, and distinguishes between the errors of Harris and the acuteness of Horne Tooke, yet builds not on any other man's foundation alone: but, while he makes use of their aid, he furnishes many original materials from the resources of his own mind. The treatise is composed with precision and perspicuity; and although, from its size and philosophical inquiries, it is not calculated for the younger part of schools, in the higher forms it will prove a valuable guide to the knowlege of our native language. **Man^r.**

Art. 38. *The first Part of the Pronouncing Spelling-Book;* containing a Number of Rules for Spelling, &c. &c. By Mrs. Wilmshurst. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Conder.

In this spelling-book, which Mrs. Wilmshurst compiled for the use of her seminary at Maldon in Essex, the authority of Dr. Johnson is generally followed, and the spelling lessons are divided according to the plan of Dr. Lowth. If the publication should be approved, it is Mrs. W.'s intention to print a second part, which will contain an abridgement of Walker's principles of English pronunciation.—As this lady offers the present work to the public from her own experience of its utility, it would be hardly fair in us to call its merits in question. The spelling lessons, indeed, appear to be well arranged: but, reasoning on the subject *à priori*, we should foresee many and great difficulties in teaching the *pronunciation* of words to children by any other effectual means than *vivâ voce*. We know that it has been attempted in the French language, but we believe that it has never succeeded. Rules of this nature may be furnished to teachers: but young pupils, we suspect, must catch a proper pronunciation by the easiest and most natural method,—by the ear.

A cheaper edition of this work is also published, with some omissions, intended for the poorer classes; and printed on a paper and type which are very inferior to the former. **D^o**

Art. 39. *The first Part of progressive Instructions*, in Reading, Grammar, and Geography; adapted to the Capacities of Children, from the age of three to eight or nine Years. By Mrs. Wilmshurst. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Conder.

The method here adopted for conveying to children some idea of Reading, Grammar, and Geography, may probably be found of use, but it does not appear to merit any particular notice or commendation. **Man?**

Art. 40. *A Practical Guide to Parents and Guardians*, in the right Choice and Use of Books in every Branch of Education. By Joshua Collins, A.M. 12mo. 1s. Reynolds.

This little treatise is intended for the use of tutors and schoolmasters, who reside in distant parts of the country, and are supposed by Mr. Collins to be unable to procure information respecting the present state of school-literature *. If there be any such persons, however, as Mr. C. presumes, they must not rely on his recommendation in all points, though many useful tracts are named in his catalogue.—*Clarke's Introduction*, for instance, is no longer in use in our public schools. **Do**

RELIGIOUS.

Art. 41. *A short and practical Account of the principal Doctrines of Christianity*; for the Use of Young Persons. To which are added suitable Prayers. By W. J. Rees, M. A., Curate of Stoke-Edith, Herefordshire. 12mo. pp. 43. 1s. Sael. 1803.

This little tract is composed in a style of commendable neatness and perspicuity, and comprehends much in a narrow compass. We see nothing in it that is redundant, nor does any necessary information connected with its design seem to have been omitted. The doctrines of the church are represented in a clear and amiable light, and happily connected with the moral duties:—the enthusiast will not impeach its orthodoxy; nor will the latitudinarian charge it with bigotry or intolerance. As a compendium of doctrines and duties, on the principles of the church of England, it is well adapted to be placed in the hands of young people; and it deserves, in this respect, the notice of persons of rank and influence in the church. **Jo.**

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 42. *A Bibliographical Dictionary*; containing a Chronological Account, Alphabetically arranged, of the most curious, scarce, useful, and important Books in all Departments of Literature, which have been published in Latin, Greek, Coptic, Hebrew, Samaritan, Syriac, Chaldee, Æthiopic, Arabic, Persian, Armenian, &c. from the Infancy of Printing to the Beginning of the nineteenth Century. With Biographical Anecdotes, &c. &c. To which are added, an Essay on Bibliography, &c. and an Account of the best English Translation of each Greek and Latin Classic. Vol. I. 12mo. 6s. Boards. (L. P. 9s.) Baynes. 1802.

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* Does Mr. C. forget the existence of the Monthly Review?—What a negligent rogue!

We

We have here the commencement of a work which is expected to be comprised in six volumes, and which will contain much useful intelligence on a subject in which many persons feel considerable interest. We have examined several of the articles, and we think that the information communicated in them is in general accurate and amusing, particularly all that relates to the London Polyglott, and Dr. Castel's Lexicon Heptaglotton; which this author represents as 'probably the greatest and most perfect work of the kind ever performed by human industry and learning.' In the account of the Glasgow Eschylus, which was printed in folio in 1795, we observe the following passage: 'Only fifty-two copies of this edition, and of the large paper only eleven copies, are said to have been printed; they sell for 10l. 10s., and with the beautiful designs of Flaxman, which are executed in all the taste and spirit of antiquity, for 20l.' This statement we apprehend to be erroneous, because Mr. Flaxman's designs (which deserve all the praise here bestowed on them,) sell for one guinea, and therefore cannot increase the price of the Eschylus in the proportion here mentioned.—We shall be glad to direct our attention to the subsequent volumes of this publication, as they make their appearance. **S.R.**

Art. 43. *Three Discourses.* 1. On the Use of Books. 2. On the Result and Effects of Study. 3. On the Elements of Literary Taste. Delivered at the Anniversary Meetings of the Library Society at Chichester, January, 1800, 1801, 1802, by the President. 8vo. pp. 190. 4s. Boards. Johnson. 1802.

This little volume, which is the production (as we understand) of Dr. Sanden of Chichester, discovers various indications of a cultivated mind, and of a refined taste. The directions on the use of books, and of the mode of reading them with advantage, are in general very judicious, and, if adopted, must prove eminently serviceable; particularly to the younger class of students.—In the third essay, we are presented with many pertinent remarks on *taste*, a subject which is in itself surrounded with difficulties, and has received the attention of eminent writers. The present author considers the second of Dr. Blair's Lectures as a copious and elaborate commentary on the following passage in Cicero: "*Omnes enim, tacito quodam sensu, sine ulla arte aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus et rationibus recta et prava dijudicant;*" and he represents the discussion to be unsatisfactory and inconsistent. This censure, we think, is in part merited: but we are at the same time of opinion that the attempts of Dr. S. to elucidate the subject have not been more successful. In quoting the following beautifully domestic image from Lucretius,

> "*At jam non domus accipiet te læta, neque uxor*
> *Optuma, nec dulces occurrent oscula nati*
> *Præripere, et tacitâ pectus dulcedine tangent;*"

and noticing that it had been happily amplified by Gray, we are surprized that these lines in Thomson's Winter did not occur to the recollection of the author, as they are evidently suggested by the Latin Poet:

'In

" In vain for him th' *officious* wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home."

The word officious is here used in its primitive though not most usual signification, of doing good offices. Milton, as Johnson observes, employs it in the same sense;

" Yet, not to earth are those bright luminaries
Officious; but to thee, earth's habitant."

It is observable that both the moderns have omitted the exquisite pathos belonging to the close of the original passage;

" *Et tacitâ pectus dulcedine tangent.*"

S.R.

Art. 44. *The Spirit of the Public Journals* for 1801 and 1802. Being an impartial Selection of the most exquisite Essays and *Jeux d'Esprits*, principally Prose, that appear in the Newspapers and other Publications. With explanatory Notes and Anecdotes of many of the Persons alluded to. Vols. V. and VI. 12mo. pp. 396. in each. 12s. Boards. Ridgway.

Some gentlemen preserve their newspapers, and bind them in volumes; by which practice, they treasure materials for the history of the period through which their files of journals extend. Others cut out the scraps of prose or verse which are thought to have merit, and paste them into a common-place book. The compilations before us are not only intended to save this latter trouble, but, by being on a more extensive scale than is generally adopted, open a wider field of amusement. In our 31st and 36th vols. N. S. we noticed the former parts of this miscellany; and from the same sources, entertainment of a similar kind, as occasion offered, has again been drawn. The political squibs of the day are here impartially collected; and, in examining the poetry of these volumes, we were sometimes compelled to smile, however ill-adapted the muscles of Reviewers may be to such an exercise. Our wigs shook with approbation, as we read the following

' MODERN SONNET, TO AN OLD WIG.

' Hail thou! who liest so snug in this old box;
With sacred awe I bend before thy shrine!
Oh! 'tis not clos'd with glue, nor nails, nor locks,
And hence the bliss of viewing thee is mine.

' Like my poor aunt, thou hast seen better days!
Well curl'd and powder'd, once it was thy lot
Balls to frequent, and masquerades, and plays,
And panoramas, and the Lord knows what!

' Oh! thou hast heard e'en Madame *Mara* sing,
And oft-times visited my *Lord Mayor*'s treat;
And once, at court, wast notic'd by the *King*,
Thy form was so commodious, and so neat.

' Alas!

'Alas! what art thou now? a mere old mop!
With which our housemaid Nan, who hates a broom,
Dusts all the chambers in my little shop,
Then slyly hides thee in this lumber-room!

'Such is the fate of *wigs!* and *mortals* too!
After a few more years than thine are past,
The Turk, the Christian, Pagan, and the Jew,
Must all be shut up in a *box* at last!

'Vain *man!* to talk so loud, and look so big!
How small 's the difference 'twixt thee and a *wig!*
How small indeed! for speak the truth I must,
Wigs turn to *dusters*, and *man* turns to *dust.*'

The very high price of paper at the beginning of the year 1801 has occasioned some delay in the appearance of these volumes. **Mo-y.**

Art. 45. *Letters and Papers on Agriculture, Planting*, &c. Selected from the Correspondence of the Bath and West of England Society, for the Encouragement of Agriculture, Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. Originally published in nine Volumes; abridged in two. 8vo. pp. 760. in the two Vols. 17s. Boards. Robinsons.

Judicious abridgments are often useful and generally acceptable to the public. Collections of the Memoirs or Papers of philosophical, literary, or economical bodies, become in a course of years very voluminous; and the early numbers of the series are with difficulty obtained. New members, who are solicitous of possessing complete sets of the transactions of the society into which they have been admitted, find that the editions of the prior volumes are entirely sold, and that they cannot look for the gratification of their wishes from the regular supply of the book trade. We know how seldom the first ten volumes of our Old Series are now to be obtained; and it is equally rare to see perfect sets of the Philosophical Transactions. Even the Bath Agricultural Society, instituted no longer ago than in 1777, and having published only nine volumes since its commencement, complains of the difficulty of furnishing complete sets; and to avoid the expence of republishing the originals, the plan of abridgment has been undertaken. The anonymous editor informs us, that he has reduced 'the nine volumes into two, not by a partial selection of particular papers, but by preserving the substance of every one, rejecting only such parts of each as are uninteresting, without lessening the information, or altering the sense: every correspondent is allowed to tell his own tale in his own language; without the least affection, partiality, or prejudice.'

This mode of abbreviation, to which has been added a kind of classification, is unobjectionable; and, as the Bath Papers contain a mass of valuable information, (which we have regularly noticed *,) the labour here bestowed on them will not be thought useless. The type

* See our account of the first volume, in M. R. vol. lxiv. p. 417. O. S.; of the 9th volume, in M. R. vol. xxxi. p. 388, N. S.; and of each of the other in the intermediate volumes.

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is smaller than that of the original volumes, which has assisted compression, and has enabled the editor to exhibit the substance of most of the papers. As a specimen of the degree of abbreviation, we may mention Dr. Anderson's Dissertation on Wool-bearing Animals in vol. viii. which occupies nearly forty pages, but which in the Abridgement is included in little more than seven.

We are of opinion that this undertaking would have been more complete and satisfactory, if, at the head of every abridged paper, the editor had referred to the original; thus, when the substance of Dr. Anderson's remarks is given in vol. i. p. 308, in a Section on *Cattle* and *Sheep, Breed, Wool*, &c. the reader should have been referred to the Original Papers, vol. viii. p. 1; and the same rule should have been adopted in every other instance. Many of the plates are retained.

Mo.y.

SINGLE SERMONS.

Art. 46. *An Antidote to the Alarm of Invasion:*—Delivered at the Meeting-House in the Old Jewry, October 19, 1803; being the Day appointed for a General Fast. By Abraham Rees, D.D. F.R.S., Editor of the New Cyclopædia. 8vo. 1s. Longman and Rees.

Never did the *amor patriæ* burn with a purer and brighter flame in the hearts of Britons, than at the present moment; and we have the sincerest pleasure in testifying the heroic devotedness which now electrifies all ranks, sects, and professions. The haughty defiance and threatened invasion of our Consular enemy have produced such an unanimity and exertion as, with the Divine blessing, must defeat his projects, and teach France and the other nations of Europe to respect our sacred shores. Being engaged in a war which is strictly just, we may without presumption hope for the protection of Heaven; and the fast-day, as affording a fair opportunity to the pulpit orator for displaying the merits of our cause, was no doubt peculiarly acceptable to the Clergy of all denominations. The sermon of Dr. Rees is the first which has been communicated to us; and its contents are of such a nature that we lose no time in announcing it to the public. A more virtuous patriotism, or a clearer view of the nature of the contest and of the character and views of the enemy, cannot be exhibited. Dr. R. not only displays with energy the important and invaluable objects which depend on the present contest, but encourages us to the most strenuous exertions, by shewing the advantages which are likely to result from its prosperous issue. It will prove us to be not unworthy of the glorious and distinguishing privileges which we enjoy; it will secure our country from future attacks; and it will make our commerce and agriculture revive under the best auspices. It may be presumed also that a gratitude for deliverance will incline us to fervent piety; and that the patriotic unanimity, which has now been displayed, will incline different parties in politics and religion to contemplate each other with less fear and jealousy. If such should be the consequences of the present war, *the wrath of Bonaparte* will be a greater blessing to Britain than his best smiles could have conferred.

Mo.y.

Art.

Art. 47. *The Duty of Britons, at the present awful Crisis of their Country*,—preached August 7, 1803. By John Overton, A. M. Rector of St. Margaret and St. Crux, York. 8vo. 1s. Mawman.

Politics and Divinity are here blended together, as in most other discourses on the present occasion; and Mr. Overton has taken great pains to rouse us to a manful and pious resistance of the threatening foe. The fury of the enemy is said, 'like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, to be heated against us "seven times more than it was wont to be heated," and, in a general view, 'to be one of the severest scourges with which an angry God has ever visited the world since the universal deluge.' Thus the preacher bids us to look our whole danger in the face; and with gratitude for past national mercies, which may be regarded as 'marks of some peculiar friendship of Heaven,' he calls on us to be valiant against sin; to persevere in prayer; and to display a cheerful submission to such pecuniary burdens, and other provisions, as are rendered necessary by the circumstances of the times. Moy.

Art. 48. *Sennacherib defeated, and his Army destroyed*;—preached at Wanstead, Essex, by the Rev. S. Glasse, D.D. F.R.S. Sept. 4, 1803. 8vo. 1s. Rivingtons.

This sermon is inscribed *to the Million of Loyal Volunteers*, and is intended to be the Soldier's Manual; displaying the national advantages of having a godly king, the necessity of uniting to the prayers of a righteous sovereign the devotion and exertions of his subjects, and the impotency of the greatest armies when opposed to those who are protected by the arm of the Lord. Do

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CORRESPONDENCE.

We have received a letter from Norwich, signed John Wagstaffe, in which the writer assures us that Dr. Walker, author of *Fragments*, reviewed in our last number, is 'not a member of the Society of Friends;' and this assertion is stated to be made on the authority of the Doctor himself. We cannot speak to this point, but certainly Dr. W.'s sentiments and peculiarities, as exhibited in that work, are those which distinguish this society of professing Christians.

The publications mentioned by *Græculus esuriens* have been accidentally overlooked; and it appears to us that it would now be going too far back to take up the controversy from its origin, and improper to notice only the more recent tracts relative to it.

Mr. R. Ogle is referred to our 36th vol. p. 372. for an answer to part of his letter. In due time, he will be satisfied on other points: but occasionally we must reserve a power of *omission*, for which we cannot render ourselves accountable.

Augustus and Mary, and *the Observant Pedestrian*, will not be forgotten.

☞ In the last *Appendix*, p. 524. l. 17. after 'Raphael,' insert—; p. 536. l. 21. for 'Khâtan Khou,' r. *Khâtou-Khan*. In the Number for September, p. 82. l. 12. for 'Johnson,' r. *Longman and Rees*.

Errors in this No. Mr. 102, 129, 143, 158, 180, 215, 222.